Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Winter 1986

$4.00

PER
ON
OUR
V2N3

Library for Sex Positive Culture
1 1 2 4 9

For the
Ultimate in
Good Taste!
LICKER
A LUBRICANT
Creme de Menthe
LICKER
A LUBRICANT
LICKER
A LUBRICANT
Ameretto
$5.50

◆ Please send me _______ jars of Licker Lubricant(s).
Indicate the number and flavor in the box provided.
Enclosed is my Check/Money Order for $___________
(California Residents Add 6½% Sales Tax.)

◇ **Ameretto**
◇ **Anisette**
◇ **Cherry Frappé**
◇ **Spicy Cinnamon**
◇ **Creme de Menthe**
◇ **Lemon Custard**

Mail To: **The B. Cumming Company, Inc.**
3321 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90026
(Dealer Inquires Welcome 213—667-1160)

Name ______________________________
Address ______________________________
City ______________ State ______________ Zip Code ______________

Winter 1986

I N S I D E

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN

J.A. Cherry

COLUMNS

Letters to the Editor 3
Toys For Us.......Susie Bright........ 6
All slicked up with no place to go.
Fantasies in the Field... Bonnie Stonewall 9
Lovelines.
Sexpoint.......Peg Byron.......................... 10
Say it Ain't So.
Sextracts.. 12
Lesbian Sex Goes to the Movies.
In The Pink........Suzann Gage.............. 36
Oral Fixation.

H.L.Cottrell

FICTION

Dusty Eats Out ....Lee Lynch........................ 18
An old cook learns new tricks.
Sunday Strangers........Vera Goeglein.................. 20
For all you high-speed chase fans.
A Short Story About a Penis...Sarah Schulman 28
A uniquely lesbian tall tale.

FEATURES

Lesbians and AIDS........Nisa Donnelly............... 30
Yes, we are part of the story.

ARTS

Letter Art..........K. Lux.. 5
Vanity Girls......... Cottrell, Price and Box.............. 14
Models Vulva Lee, Raelyn Gallina, and Fanny Fatale.
The Naughty Gourmet..........H.L. Cottrell........... 22
What Julia Child never taught you.
Toronto Tryst..........The Flying Femmes............. 33
Crossing all borders.
Comix..........Lisa Frank... 48
Flame
Notes on Contributors.................................. 46
Classifieds.. 47
Cover by Kim Larson

The Flying Femmes

Open up to

On Our Backs

Subscribe!

Name ______________________________

Address ____________________________

City ____________ State _____ Zip ___________

____

I certify I am over 18 years of age

____

Signature

ON OUR BACKS, PO BOX 421916, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94142

☐ Enclosed is $15 for a year's subscription (bulk mail 3–4 wks)

☐ Enclosed is $19 for a year's subscription (first class 1 wk)

(Mailed discreetly in manila envelope)

____

Yes, back issues are still available for $5 a copy (includes first class postage). When ordering, indicate issue: Summer, 1984; Fall, 1984; Winter, 1985; Summer, 1985 W86

Letters

We're writing to extoll the virtues of the *Smokers* sex video series by Fatale Films. Pigs that we are, we purchased all three.

Adventurous lesbians are in for a treat. We wish Blush Productions great success. Pigs that we are...we want more!

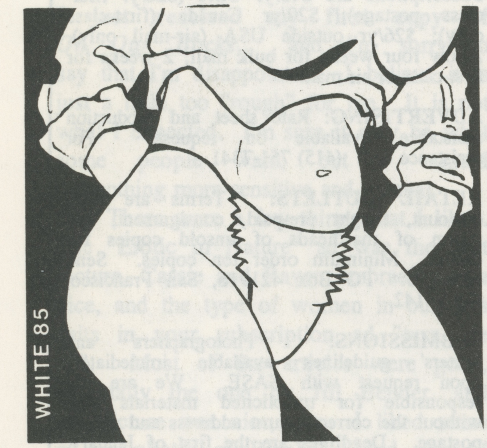
Sue Slate and Gin Shear
Leroy, N.Y.

We always heard that pigs were highly intelligent animals.

Regarding the power of advertising in the right place, I was so overcome by the ad and review of "Erotic in Nature" that I bought a VCR---and ordered the video, of course. Waiting as patiently as I can. Already dreaming of their planned "cowdyke" adventure, a favorite fantasy of mine!

A long cold winter is on its way and my partner and I will need to keep each other warm--your magazine should make that a cinch. *On Our Backs* is fantastic. At last, lesbians get a magazine that affirms our sexuality. Keep up the hot and heavy and humorous lustiness, please!

Carol
Albuquerque, N.M.



Cackle, cackle... you must be reading my mind. I will go from cover to cover of your Fall issue so as not to spoil the suspense. First, pungent sexy letters with a powerful and sexy stripper cartoon. Then, on to Susie Sexpert's Chicago scene, (I was at *His N Hers* that night), and then to the fistfucking fantasy (I'm a virgin at that). "The Fantasy Taboo" by Jill Bender brought up a major bone I had with an ex-lover of mine. Then a pictorial on a fleshy women, Aisha, who reminds me, and seems to smell like, another ex of mine. I am totally aroused, go for the pumpkin pie, and when I return from the fridge what do I turn to next, but the fiction piece, "The Main Course": "She was thinking about food all the time to avoid thinking about going to bed with a woman."

Telepathy, it must be...

Di
Chicago, IL.

Doesn't seem to us that you're avoiding much of anything! Thanks for the psychic feedback.

I wanted to express my disappointment for the inclusion in the Summer '85 issue of Sandy Boucher's story "Humming". My disillusionment with the story stems from the presumptuousness that as long as sexually explicit material pertaining to lesbian experience is provided, anything and everything else is acceptable. Everything else is NOT acceptable, especially when a "lesbian" has the gall to hide behind the guise of marriage to legitimize lesbian affairs. Such misrepresentation is especially offensive to those lesbians and separatists who choose not to reap heterosexual privilege. The author minimizes the struggle of *real* lesbians who battle harrassment on a day-to-day basis because they elect not to hide behind some man's coat tails nor sell out to "the safety of marriage, the comforting routine, the coziness". What arrogance to say, "Some women find marriage restricting: I find it liberating, even marriage to a man like Ralph..." And then, "Jeanine cares about Ralph too: she does not want to hurt him." Who the hell cares? It is exactly this kind of favorable display of allegiance to marriage and nurturing of a man that serves to belittle the powerful stance *real* lesbian separatists have taken: choosing women first, foremost, always. The message gets brought home very clearly (once again) that openly risking for a woman is not worth it. What's not worth it is "Humming", and other stories that pose a similiar theme.

M.E. Cook
Kansas City, MO.

But M.F., you missed all the sexy parts! "Real" lesbian sex doesn't need any qualification. Sandy Boucher, the author, has written for many years about lesbian life of all types, none of whom you may find as perfect role models, but always an authentic and earthy lesbian prescence and outlook on life. Or, as the story "Humming" put it, "My face is lost in her cunt. We have become one being, our movement taking us in an ancient, joyous pattern".

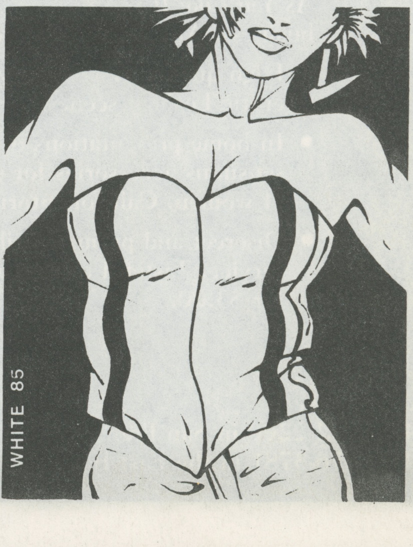
As one who has had many affairs with straight women, most of them young, pretty wives, I enjoyed Barbra La Rue's splendid feature, "What IS it About Straight Women?" in your Fall '85 issue. Bringing out a woman is an exciting, beautiful experience, especially behind her husband's back. Indeed, we have so much to give and teach, and their wonder, eagerness and appetite are enormous. It's always sweet music to my ears to hear her exclaim, "Oh, I never knew it could be like this!"

Rita
IL.

Read your Fall '85 issue and couldn't contain myself. Had to give my lover one of her "tied up" nights.

"Boss City" was a great piece. I'm one of those wild suburban dykes of the Chicago suburbs. Susie Sexpert definitely knows her stuff.

I'd like some back issues. Heard so much about them that I'm gonna wait blindfolded and be feather-whipped until

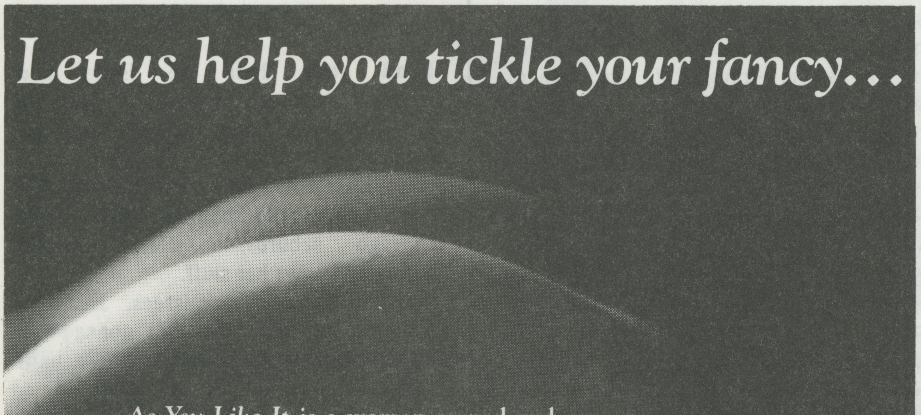


Jewelry for exotic piercings

Gauntlet

8720 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90069
Phone (213) 657-6677

Send $3.00 for our current catalog.



Let us help you tickle your fancy...

As You Like It is a women owned and run business. Among our services we offer:

- High quality videotapes with erotic Lesbian scenes.
- In-home presentations of sensuous accessories for groups of women. Call for information.
- Discreet and prompt mail order service. Tasteful catalog available for $3.00.

As You Like It
Sensuous Accessories

As You Like It
(415) 752-2200 in San Francisco
(415) 376-3781 in the East Bay

4411 Geary Blvd., Suite C-3
San Francisco, CA 94118

ON OUR BACKS

PO Box 421916, San Francisco,
CA 94142 (415) 751-7341

Editor in Chief
Susie Bright

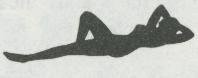
Design
Kim Larson

Business Manager
Debi Sundahl

Advertising
Nicole Bilotti

Distribution
Nan Kinney

Staff Photographer
Honey Lee Cottrell



ON OUR BACKS is published quarterly by Blush Productions, PO Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142. Bulk rate postage paid at Post Office, San Francisco, CA. Subscriptions are $15/yr USA ($20/yr first-class postage); $20/yr Canada (first-class only); $26/yr outside USA (air-mail only). Allow four weeks for bulk mail; 2 weeks for first-class or air mail.

ADVERTISING: Rate sheet and production assistance available on request. For assistance call: (415) 751-7341.

RETAIL OUTLETS: Terms are 40% discount, frieght pre-paid, consignment, and return of mastheads of unsold copies for credit. Minimum order ten copies. Send order to: PO Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142.

SUBMISSIONS: Photographers' and writers' guidelines available immediately upon request with SASE. We are not responsible for unsolicited materials sent without the correct return addresss and proper postage. Deadlines are the first of January, April, July and October. Allow 8-12 weeks for a response to submission.

Any similarity between characters appearing in ON OUR BACKS and real persons is coincidental. The representation or appearance of any person in ON OUR BACKS is not to be taken as representative of her sexual preference.

Copyright c by Blush Productions. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from the publisher.

Printed in USA by Alonzo Printing and Somerset Press. Typesetting by Blush Productions.

the issues get here. Keep it up, women! You're the tops and bottoms for my stress management.

R.P.
Chicago Heights, IL.

Susie Sexpert also definitely knows now who to look up next time she's in Illinois. Her feathers are packed.

Saw your ad in the Seattle Gay News. Enclosed is $15 for a subscription to your magazine. Thank you! I've been lesbian all my 76 years.

Del
Seattle, WA.

I must confess, I've never placed a personal classified, and just making one up to send to you took me forever. I'm still nervous and I only hope I have the gumption to mail it.

As for your magazine, I will continue to support it. I may not enjoy all of it, but bless you all for providing an alternative to the "save the whales" sort of lesbian literature. To those that are offended, what arouses your senses may offend someone else. Let's be thankful for the forum.

Shannan
N.J.

I just received my first copy of *On Our Backs*, and I'm sorry to say that I'm disappointed. I believe it is just a little too "rough" for me. It is not what I expected. I'm sure it may be what some people want, but I wanted something more sensitive and sensual.

There were a few things that I liked. The "Erotic in Nature" ad was the best picture, Cassie and Raven embracing was nice, and the type of women in business suits in your subscription ad "turn me on". Most of the articles were good, especially the one by Jill Bender, and her picture was nice, too. I liked some of the photos of Rainbeau, and also of the lone woman in the black miniskirt that went with the poem.

The worst things were, the series of Aisha (this is a turn-off to me, even though she may be a nice person), and the nude lesbian on a bike was like out of some men's motorcycle mag to me.

Since I'm from the Southeast I may be a little conservative, but I thought you might want to know my opinion. I would like to see you succeed for several reasons. You're a women-owned company, you're obviously gay, and there aren't any other magazines available like this. I am still interested in seeing and reading some sensitive, sexual and sensual things about other women. I will try another issue of the magazine, but I hope you will try to take my opinion into consideration.

Jackie
N.C.

We find that in most popular magazines we're lucky if we like one or two things in each issue, so we're thrilled to hear you liked six different portions of ours. We're just as sincere about the "soft" stuff as we are about our "rough" edges, so you can look forward to seeing a lively mix of both. We appreciate your detailed comments!

Many thanks! The tremendous work you have done shows! With each new issue you try to incorporate the new suggestions and better photos coming your way. Thanks for all the risk-taking!

Deborah
Tiburon, CA.

The artwork by Norma Austin on page 12 of your Fall '85 issue is fascinating. I hope you use her talents often. That drawing is now on my bathroom mirror. She has a real feeling for erotic yet tasteful art. Is any of her work for sale to private collectors?

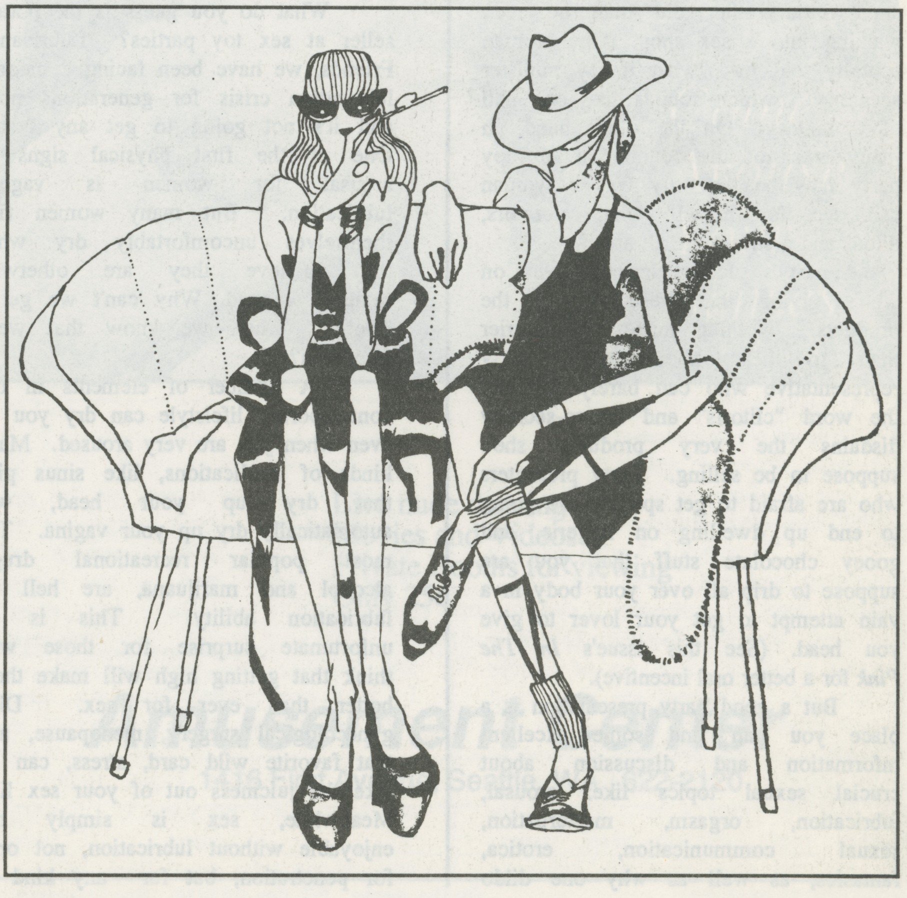
A.
Madison, WI.

Inquiries about artist's work that has appeared in *On Our Backs* *can be sent to the magazine office, with a seperate stamped envelope addressed to the artist. We will fill out the complete address and forward your letter.*

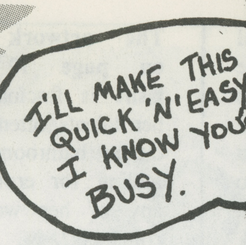
Enjoy your magazine--about time dykes got down to it in magazine form. I especially like the short fiction. I love the S/M stuff. It makes me remember I'm not alone in my thoughts, although fairly secluded in South Carolina.

Thanks, and keep it juicy.

Dana
S.C.



Toys for Us


I'LL MAKE THIS QUICK 'N' EASY. I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY.

PARTY FAVORS

Susie Bright

Cookie Hunt

Women in Print Conference, 1985

Susie Sexpert Reports: How many of you have attended a home sex toy presentation with a group of friends? They're called "fuckerware" parties in the business, but of course they're presented much more tastefully to the public.

Most of the people I meet at *Good Vibrations* are terribly shy about walking in, but your typical party caters to those who are beyond shyness and would rather die than be seen walking into a sex shop. (One woman actually told me, "what if my minister sees me?", which sounds like one hell of a fantasy). On the other hand, in many areas of the country, a sex toy party may be the only way a woman can see for herself what vibrators, dildos and g-strings are all about.

A party's success depends a lot on who's giving the presention of the products. Nothing makes me angrier than to hear about some party representative who can barely spit out the word "clitoris" and not-so-secretly disdains the very products she's suppose to be selling. Party presenters who are afraid to get specific are going to end up dwelling on lingerie, and gooey chocolate stuff that you are suppose to drip all over your body in a vain attempt to get your lover to give you head. (See this issue's *In The Pink* for a better oral incentive).

But a good party presentation is a place you can find some excellent information and discussion about crucial sexual topics like: arousal, lubrication, orgasm, masturbation, sexual communication, erotica, fantasies, as well as why one dildo feels better than the next. The party representative is in the position of saying all the things that everyone else is too embarrassed to bring up. She will pass all the toys around the group to give the guests a hands-on experience. A good party takes off when the guests finally get beyond the "Will I electrocute myself?" level and begin to share the excitement of real sexual questions and experiences.

What do you guess is the hottest seller at sex toy parties? Lubricants! Friends, we have been facing a modern lubrication crisis for generations now, and it's not going to get any better. One of the first physical signs of arousal for women is vaginal lubrication. But many women find themselves uncomfortably dry when they believe they are otherwise sexually excited. Why can't we get a "wet-on" when we know that we're turned on?

A number of elements in our contemporary lifelstyle can dry you up even when you are very aroused. Many kinds of medications, like sinus pills that dry up your head, will automatically dry up your vagina. The most popular recreational drugs, alcohol and marijuana, are hell on lubrication ability. This is an unfortunate surprise for those who think that getting high will make them hotter than ever for sex. Diet, gynecological surgery, menopause, and that favorite wild card, stress, can all take the juiciness out of your sex life. Meanwhile, sex is simply not enjoyable without lubrication, not only for penetration, but for any kind of external clit caressing.

But the good news is that you don't have to overhaul your whole way of life to make yourself more slippery. If you know that you're aroused and eager to make love, you can add a little dab of something slick, and presto, you are well-oiled and ready to roll.

So many women (including myself at a young and insecure age), suffer the embarrassment of not being lubricated enough to fuck, and thinking , "what's wrong with me *now* !" Often you'll be concerned that your lover will take offense that they aren't sexy enough to "make" you wet. Please forget this tyranny of performance worries, and get out the proper sauce. Your lover will only be relieved to have the issue removed from the "who's fault is it" preoccupation. Anyone who persists in expecting you to cream your jeans on cue everytime they walk into the room is simply uninformed, ignorant, and not worth your precious time.

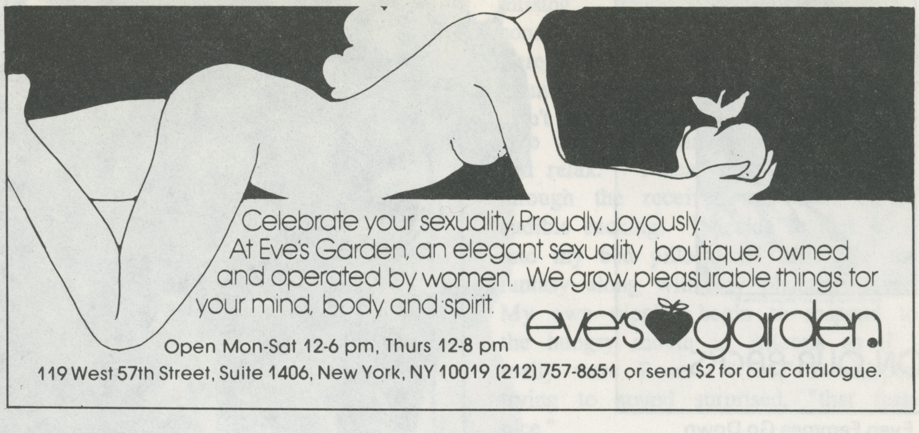
A good lubricant requires no special expense. Any vegetable oil in your kitchen will make a safe and soothing lube. Coconut oil is especially nice because it comes in a solid form, and then melts luxuriously. Everything you've heard about *Crisco* is true---that "all vegetable oil" claim to fame makes for a splendid lubricant. Not so for animal or mineral oils. They aren't going to kill you overnight, but they are what is called "lesion- promoting" oils which your internal tissue is not as happy with as a vegetable-based oil. Animal and mineral oil products include popular brands like *Baby Oil* and all manner of lotions that you might use on your hands and face. Keep them away from your cunt! The absolute worst is petroleum jelly. A lot of people think *Vaseline* is an appropriate lube because it's so often mentioned in plain brown wrapper porno novels. Remember when you were a kid and grown-ups told you not to swallow chewing gum because it took seven years to digest? Well, it's the same horror story with petroleum jelly in your vagina or rectum. The stuff is not water soluble. Water *soluble* means that the product can be washed out and dissolved easily in water. Most oils are water soluble, petroleum jelly is not. If you can't wash it off your dishes in warm water, you won't be able to wash it out of your pussy, either. God knows how long it could lurk around your internal tissue, catching bacteria like flypaper. Out, out, OUT!

There is a new kind of water-*based* (not an oil) lubricant that is quite wonderful stuff. It is extremely slick and it resmbles nothing so much as your own vaginal mucus, or cum if you prefer. It's hard to describe this magic potion if you haven't tried it. For chemistry buffs, it will be meaningful to explain that it is largely composed of deionized water and polymers (food-grade "plastic" found in everything from ice cream to make-up) stretched in a long molecule that gives it it's "true to life" slipperiness. There's several different brands and they are safe to use, no side effects, no horrible infections or flare-ups. Check out *Probe, Astroglide,* or *Slippery Stuff. Probe* has no taste at all, and is the one I would recommend for women who are allergic to absolutely everything. *Astroglide* doesn't evaporate as quickly. There's a thicker type of lube called *Foreplay* that's sort of a souped-up K-Y jelly. The other convenient thing about water-based lubes is that they're more compatible with rubber sex toys, which tend to deteriorate when you use oils on them.

Unless you are Old Faithful, I would recommend lube everytime you use dildos. Women often come to me wanting to discard a large dildo and purchase a smaller one; confessing that they cannot stuff the toy properly into their partner's, or their own, pussy. Dollars to donuts, the unfortunate women are not using a lubricant and the results are painful and demoralizing. I would suggest that you try the same dildo again, make out with your lover until your clits are hard as rocks, apply some lube on either your vaginas or the toy, and tease the dildo in. Reach for it! If it's still too big after a thoroughly lubricated test run, then you can come back and say, "I told you so".

Now this is the kind of presentation you should expect from a knowledgeable party representative; although a sensitive party rep will use the kind of language that makes your friends comfortable and won't stick her nose in your business, like I always do. If I had my way with home parties, we'd be doing demonstrations instead of just talking about it. But that's a topic for next time. Throwing a successful orgy requires social as well as genital lubrication.

If you are interested in having a home sex toy party and want my recommendations for your area, send a SASE to Susie Sexpert and I will give you my priceless advice.



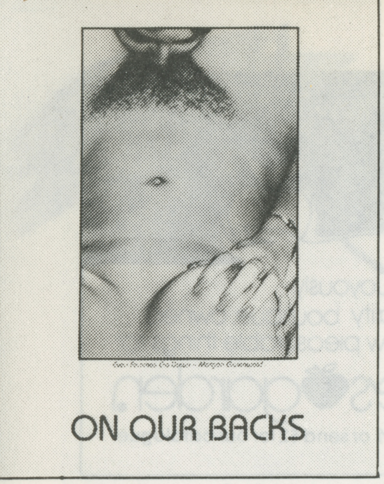
Celebrate your sexuality. Proudly. Joyously.
At Eve's Garden, an elegant sexuality boutique, owned and operated by women. We grow pleasurable things for your mind, body and spirit.
eve's garden.
Open Mon-Sat 12-6 pm, Thurs 12-8 pm
119 West 57th Street, Suite 1406, New York, NY 10019 (212) 757-8651 or send $2 for our catalogue.

Lusty Lady Theater
1033 Kearny at Broadway, San Francisco, CA 391-3126

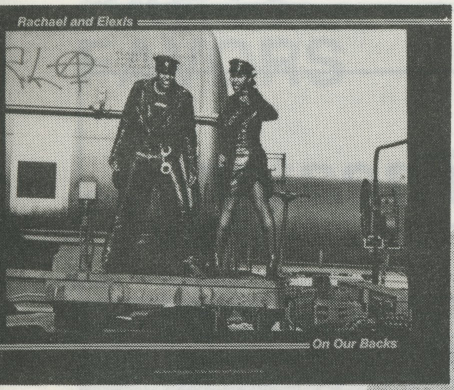
Come Arouse Your Senses

Live nude dancing
Movies and Videos
Private Booths for viewing
Only 25c

Amusement Center
1416 First Avenue, Seattle, WA 622-2120


ON OUR BACKS

2. Even Femmes Go Down


Rachael and Elexis
On Our Backs

1.

POSTERS

(17x22)

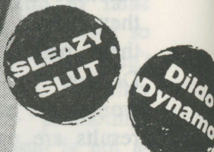
ON OUR BACKS

T-SHIRTS

A. "ON OUR BACKS"
(black)

BurLEZk
EROTIC DANCESHOW FOR LESBIANS
SAN FRANCISCO

"Pepper – BURLESK"
(pink)


SLEAZY SLUT
Dildo Dynamo

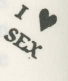
BUTTONS

1. Sex is not a crime
2. Sleazy Slut
3. Born to Fuck
4. Fun with a Sausage
6. Dildo Dynamo
8. I love sex
9. I love S/M
10. In the sack with On Our Backs
11. Tired Bossy Femme
12. Arrogant Butch
13. Strip!

POSTERS: Indicate quantity desired
#1.________ #2.________ @$5 ea.
TOTAL $____________

T-SHIRTS: Indicate quantity desired
#A.________ #B.________
Size
#A. S____ M____ L____ XL____ @$10 ea.
#B. S____ M____ L____ XL____ TOTAL $____________

BUTTONS: Indicate quantity desired
#1.______ #11.______
#2.______ #12.______
#3.______ #13.______
#4.______
#6.______
#8.______
#9.______ @$1.00 ea.
#10.______ TOTAL $____________



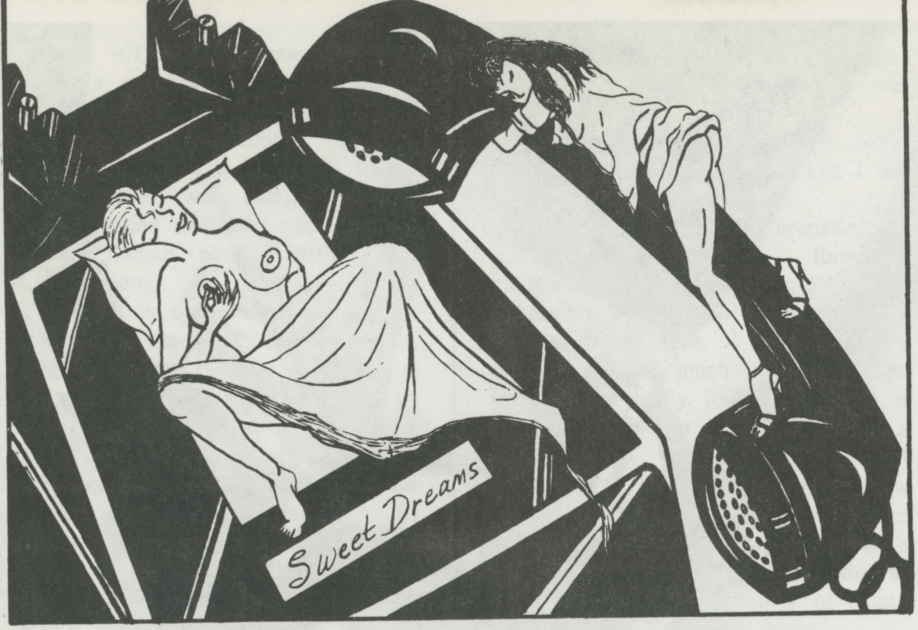
plus postage & handling $3.00
Check or money order enclosed for
GRAND TOTAL $____________

NAME____

ADDRESS____

CITY________________ STATE____________ ZIP____________

On Our Backs P.O. Box 421916 San Francisco, CA 94142



Tiffany Brewster

LOVELINES

by Bonnie Stonewall

"Rrring!"

I slide my body slowly in the general direction of my night table, unwilling to lift my head off the warm pillow just yet.

"Rrring!"

I pick the phone up as if it were a screaming baby in the night, just to make it shut up.

"Hi Sexy," the phone chirps at me cheerily.

"Unh?" I manage.

"You do women, don't you?"

I hear and I'm awake. It's the fantasy phone service I work for and they have a call for me to do.

"Yeah, sure. Gawd, what time is it? Oh, shit. Kay, it's 6 a.m!"

"I know, Sweets, but it's 9 a.m. in Altoona and this horny bitch in heat wants to bring out a tender young virgin before she has to leave for work. That's show biz. Can you be a virgin at this hour? Think back--real hard."

"Oh, shut up. I'll do it. I'll do it. Give me her name and phone number."

I write down all the information Kay gives me in the big red notebook I keep next to my telephone. It's my record of every call I do--date, time, fee, what the customer wants and, of course, my own reaction to each call. This time I decide to call myself Rose, and that's the name I give the operator when I place the collect call to Altoona.

"Hullo?" the soft voice rasps nervously all the way from Pennsylvania.

"Hello, yourself," I coo. "My name is Rose, and I just moved in next door. I know you're probably rushing to get to work, but I just feel safer going to a woman's house. I hope you understand. My phone hasn't been installed yet, and, oh, silly me, I went and locked myself out, and here I am stranded in my negligee. Oh, I'm so embarrassed, what with it being see-through and all. I hope you won't mind helping me out," I bubble. There's a long silence at the other end of the line, and I'm thinking, "Oh, fuck! For this I had to get up at the crack of dawn!"

Finally, Altoona leers, "Oh, nooo trouble, Babe. C'mon in. Relax. Everything will be alright. You look a little chilly. Why don't you sit down here with me by the fire? Now, isn't that cozy?"

Alright! This lady has potential. I pick up on her scene and try to get her to visualize me--the girl of her dreams--languishing semi-nude in her living room.

"Oh, thank you. It's so nice to relax. But the skirt of my negligee is so wet from the dew on the grass and it's so warm by the fire. I think I'd like to just slip out of it while it dries. Do you mind?" Heavy breathing from the East.

I continue busily. "Mind if I brush my hair? They say blondes have more fun, but my hair is so long (almost to my ass--giggle, giggle) that I feel like I'm always brushing it. Gee, my nipples get so hard when I'm cold; they're like diamonds. Ooh, they tingle so."

She whispers, "Aah, let me feel them. Oh, yes, they are very hard. I bet they'd like to be sucked, wouldn't they?"

"Well, um, I think so," I hesitate demurely. "I never did it with a woman before."

"You don't know what you've been missing, honey. Here, why don't you let me show you how good it can be. Don't be afraid, Rose. Just lay back here with me against the floor cushions and relax." I hear soft kissing sounds through the receiver and then barely audible sucking. I decide to sink back into my bed pillow and drift into the fantasy along with my phantom lover. My own nipples begin to respond to the hungry mouth in Altoona as if I really were Rose. "Ooo," I whisper, trying to sound surprised, "that feels nice."

"Mmm," rasps Altoona, and she continues her kissing and sucking and nuzzling sound effects. "Oh, your ear is so pretty and shell-like. Let me lick it gently around the outside." Incredibly, I feel her hot breath on my neck, her eager tongue languidly searching at first, and then snaking itself into my ear. My whole body shudders.

How did she know to do my favorite thing? Eargasm, anyone?

"Let her really have me," I'm thinking. "What would be so bad?"

Her voice sounds so wistful as it flows into the phone, as if remembering a long-ago encounter.

"Ah, your breasts are so beautiful. I want to cup them in my hands and squeeze them while I rub your nipples with my thumbs. Oh, Rose, put both your arms around my neck, honey, while I bury my face in your sweet, sweet titties. Mmmmwn."

I think she may be crying softly, but I decide not to mention it. Instead, I conjure up this strong older woman leaning lovingly over me, her adoring eyes scanning my naked body, her gentle hands lightly stroking my skin.

"Oh, baby, I love your soft skin," she whispers, as if she's read my thoughts. I prop the phone against my shoulder while I run my hands over my body. The strands all along my hairline, especially at the nape of my neck, are wet and curly with perspiration. My face and neck feel hot as I see the unmistakable pink sex flush spread across my chest. "Oh, yes. I'm yours." I sigh.

My own thumbs accomplish Altoona's massaging of my nipples. Bolts of lightening streak from my nipples to my cunt. I feel a pleasant tingling in my tongue and the roof of my mouth. For the thousandth time, I wonder if I'm the only woman in creation whose mouth quivers when she's horny. In a husky whisper, my unseen lover describes how she is exploring my body with her lips and

(continued on page 11)

Sexpoint

SAY IT AIN'T SO

IS THE LESBIAN SEX REVOLT DEAD?

Peg Byron

Elfi Mikesch

The maid tells me dust has been gathering on your dildo collection. And those chains you so lovingly drilled holes for into your bedposts are showing rust. Is it possible that the honeymoon is over? Or, put less delicately, is the lesbian sex revolt dead already?

Listen---people have been asking. I think there are some reasons why. I confess myself that some of the sex toys I started to collect early in the decade are sitting in the back of my closet with my free weights (also acquired in that initial rush of enthusiasm for "the new me"). Somehow, I seldom seem to find the time/energy/desire for workouts. Is it the repressive aspect of an overloaded, urban woman's schedule? Has the novelty worn off lesbian sex novelties? And the pressure---I read about other lesbians who still work out in the gym every day and strap on a double-ended, flourescent dildo at night---I'm not measuring up to the New Lesbian Libido. Now that I have a leather jacket (two in fact), half a dozen different toys for cunt or asshole, a couple of vibrators, flavored lubricants, bondage accessories, the garter and stockings a guest once left, I find myself thinking, "Is that all there is?" All those colored hankies I wouldn't dream of wearing; don't even remember the color codes anymore. The leather scene (what there is left of it in NYC) seems as *passe* as Punk.

For one thing, while different communities have experienced the lesbian sex revolt against male and orthodox-feminist-defined sex at different rates and intensities, the shock of it all is beginning to wear off. The stigma on those who pursue sex as a good time instead of as a sacrament has lessened markedly since the days when *Samois*, San Francisco's original lesbian S/M group, published Coming to Power in 1981. Surely the lesbian porn magazines, especially heavy hitters like On Our Backs and Bad Attitude have helped, as they enter their second year of explicit publishing. Also, although anti-porn feminists like Women Against Pornography have not quit and gone home, their attacks on other women's sexuality have quieted considerably. In some cities, the sides are not so polarized, and leather dykes and dildo afficionados are not ostracized and publically castigated as fallen feminists. The debate has faded from the pages of the feminist and gay presses for the most part, like yesterday's news.

In the meantime, attention has turned to setting limits around gay men's sexual past times. The very same, nonromanticized models many lesbians used in experimenting with our own sexual pastimes. A lot of homophobia has found expression in attempts to curtail gay promiscuity, but the dilemma for gay men is tragically real. Eros and death, as one gay man said early in the AIDS epidemic, now seem to occupy the same spot. While gay men struggle to disentangle danger from sex and establish new sexual techniques, AIDS is indirectly also cramping the expansion of lesbian sexual styles.

Particularly in certain urban communities, gay men offered an example of sex without guilt, without commitments, and it seemed in the 70's, without significent suffering. Not worried about pregnancy, nor even about the sexually-transmitted diseases that more frequently afflict men, lesbians tentatively began testing the waters of sexual liberatiuon. Often, I heard references of what might be possible for lesbians to try. We were just becoming emboldened ourselves---at times even borrowing gay men's sex clubs for our own parties---when AIDS brought public scrutiny, harsher than any we had even experienced at the height of the anti-porn witch hunts---crashing down on our male counterparts. In New York nowadays, the headlines refer to gay bars as "AIDS Dens". Lesbians are generally invisible as far as government and pundit efforts to reform gays are concerned. But this is not an environment conducive to hosting sex parties for bad girls. (The first gay bar New York closed for having a backroom was the Mineshaft, which in the past also sponsored lesbian and mixed gay parties and benefits.) AIDS has chilled the lesbian sex experiments of the 80's by taking away a major source of inspiration and encouragement, and by insinuating the same threat we heard as little girls: awful things happen if you fuck around.

So, since the novelty has worn down, the anti-pornographers have cooled some, and AIDS is taking its toll, lesbian sex controversies are not the cocktail party topic they were a year or two ago. Does this mean we lost the revolution and will soon all be wearing boring clothes, and having sex (when lucky) only on weekends?

I think the answer lies in whether we determine to keep pursuing questions about our sexuality, and at the same time, to address some of the very real pressures affecting it.

Including AIDS. For example, at a recent gay and lesbian town meeting in New York on anti-gay attacks, lesbians were sparsely represented in the crowded hall, and the limitations forced on our sexuality were barely addressed. The information and ideas shared by the still-new lesbian porn publishers are hardly enough to sustain sexual development in our many communities. Lesbians still need to hear more voices telling of more varieties of sexual needs and possibilities.

I like to think of us as moving from the equivalent of fast food to *haute cuisine* in our tastes for satisfying our sexual appetites. As both female and gay, those appetites are still often denied. I think we need to recognize some other issues affecting our sex lives---not to be defeated by their enormity, but to understand what we are up against.

If you're like me, you may often notice, for example, that a lot of the fantasies that On Our Backs prints are not something you can actually go out and do. Not that fantasies should be limited to things we can all do, or be realistic at all, but that our ability to fantasize further and to act on our desires is limited in significent ways. Economically, the lesbian community is cramped. Maybe in your town, there aren't many places where you can meet women. A lot of us can't afford a vacation, the furnishings, even the wardrobe to live out some fantasies. Financial worries aren't known to enhance sex; but if on top of them, you also can't get a babysitter, or you can't move out of your parent's house, then your sexual options will need more than positive thinking in order to blossom.

As lesbians, I think our sex lives are faced with some special emotional challenges, too. Earlier, in the lesbian movement, questions about the roles of romance and monogamy in our sex lives were entertained, albeit with rhetoric at times. Those discussions seem to have fizzled. I happen to think that romance is a wonderful drug myself, but I would like to hear more from other women about their visions for sex and relationships.

Spelling out particular goals can help clarify our desires, and acknowledge the value in our lesbian relationships. So, even if you've mothballed your dildo (and I hope you'll consider dusting it off soon instead), *viva la revolution!*

***Sexpoint** is a regular feature which examines contemporary issues of sexuality. We welcome your views.*

(**Lovelines** *continued from page 9*)

tongue. I can almost feel its wet insistence lapping at my belly button.

"Let me see your pretty pussy, baby. Don't be shy," she coaxes. "Oh, I see you are a natural blonde."

"No, I'm not! I'm a brunette," I almost blurt out, forgetting momentarily that she thinks I'm some impossibly beautiful flaxen-haired goddess named Rose. I wonder if she'd still like me so much if I'd described myself as I really look. Suddenly it dawns on me that I am lonely for a woman, too. My knees part instinctively as my hand searches through the wetness for my clit. Her voice sounds muffled (perhaps she's hugging her pillow) as she explains to sweet virginal Rose the joys of eating pussy.

My clit hardens and throbs as my hips thrust it rhythmically against my cupped palm and I slide my middle finger into my slippery slit.

"Oooo--feels so good," I sound like I'm raving with fever as the slurping sounds from Pennsylvania give way to a familiar beat.

"Unh. Unh. Unh." It pounds, at first, slowly, but ever more insistently.

"Unh, unh, unh uhnuhn unh unh." Is that her or me? Who cares!

"Oh, baby, oh, baby! Oh, God! Unh unh unh."

My cunt clenches around my wet fingers as I fuck myself to the beat. My hips rise off the bed. "Unnnh. Unnnh, I'm cumming!"

The beat goes into diminuendo. "Unnh. Unh. Aaah."

Long silence. Who can talk anyway? Who wants to?

Finally, she breaks it, becoming once again the composed credit card carrying business woman that she is. I picture her fussing with her clothing.

"Well, I must say that was good," she offers a little tentatively. After all, what do you say when you realize that you've just spent part of your morning fucking the brains out of a total stranger and loving it? "We must do this again sometime soon. It's been a long time for me," she shares, somewhat embarrassed.

She hangs up before I get a chance to say, "Me, too."

I sink back into my pillow and start to drift back to sleep in the afterglow. But just before I close my eyes, I draw a star in my red book and take the phone off the hook.

***Fantasies In The Field** is a column for our readers to share their sexual fantasies. Pen off a titillating tidbit (under 500 words) to us anytime.*

Tigress
PRODUCTIONS
Presents

EROTIC IN NATURE
AT LAST!
A sizzling 40-minute fantasy written, produced, directed, filmed and acted by women.
Tigress Productions is a new company developed and dedicated in spirit to women loving, sharing, and experiencing one another. We are ecstatic to present our first video release which steams with passion, exalts in beauty, and displays a tenderness which we feel will warm your hearts.
You've seen it at the San Francisco and Los Angeles Gay/Lesbian Film Festivals, now bring it into your own home.
♥

Tiger Rose's
DISTRIBUTING

COLOR 40 MINUTES EXPLICIT

Please send me ______ copy(s) of EROTIC IN NATURE at $38.50 each. Shipping, handling and tax included.
PLEASE PRINT
Name______________________
Address______________________
____
I verify that I am 18 years or older.
Signature______________________
Check one of the following:
☐ Beta ☐ VHS Stereo ☐ Hi-fi (*add $1.50*)
Please allow four to six weeks for delivery.
MAIL TO: TIGER ROSE DISTRIBUTING • P.O. BOX 609 • COTATI, CA 94928
♥
B

Gaytraits

Desert Hearts

Sexy casino cashier Cay Rivers (played by Patricia Charbonneau) does her best thinking in her convertible. Photo is from the film version of the lesbian classic novel, Desert of the Heart. Photo courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn Co.

Breeding Ground of the Stars- What do **Rock N Roll Ramona**, **Cassie and Raven**, and **Rachael Williams** all have in common? They've all been either cover girls or centerfolds for *On Our Backs*, and they are also making their Hollywood debut in **George Lucas's** upcoming movie, "Howard The Duck" (No comment on the title). Always known for his special effects, this time **Lucas** went above and beyond the call of duty by auditioning the most outrageous and beautiful dykes in San Francisco to portray a lesbian biker gang, **"Satan's Sluts"**, modelled on the famous **Dykes on Bykes** who lead the city's Gay Parade every year. The biker audition was held at **Maud's**, the oldest lesbian bar in the country, and also the location for our own favorite lesbian video, **"L'Ingenue"**, by **Ingrid Wilhite**. Watch for a spring release of **"Howard the Duck"**, and some new stars rising! Congratulations to all the actresses, and to the real dykes on bikes who inspired such a scene in the first place!

Sappho's Silver Screen- The very first major motion picture based on a contemporary lesbian novel will come out of its silver closet this winter. The name of the movie is **"Desert Hearts"**, based on the famous lesbian novel, Desert of the Heart, by **Jane Rule**. The story concerns the meeting and love affair of two unlikely women, against the win-some, lose-some, background of the 1950's in Reno, Nevada.

Desert of the Heart was first publised in 1964, and Jane Rule received a critical backlash against her central lesbian theme. Said one appalled reviewer: "You keep turning to the photo of the author on the jacket and wondering how such a nice-looking woman could have chosen so distasteful a subject for a first novel."

Since then, Jane Rule has become a prolific and famous lesbian literary light, as well as having a prestigious place among Canadian writers (many of her novels are published in the U.S. by the lesbian **Naiad Press**).

Donna Deitch, from Los Angeles, is the producer and director of the film version. Deitch told the **Body Politic** that she independently financed and committed herself to the project because "I wanted to make a movie about a love relationship between two women. It appealed to me for both personal and professional reasons." Surprise, surprise, she hopes that the film will not lose a potential broad audience by being labelled as a "lesbian film", although gay themes certainly seem to be a hot property these days, both on television and in the movies.

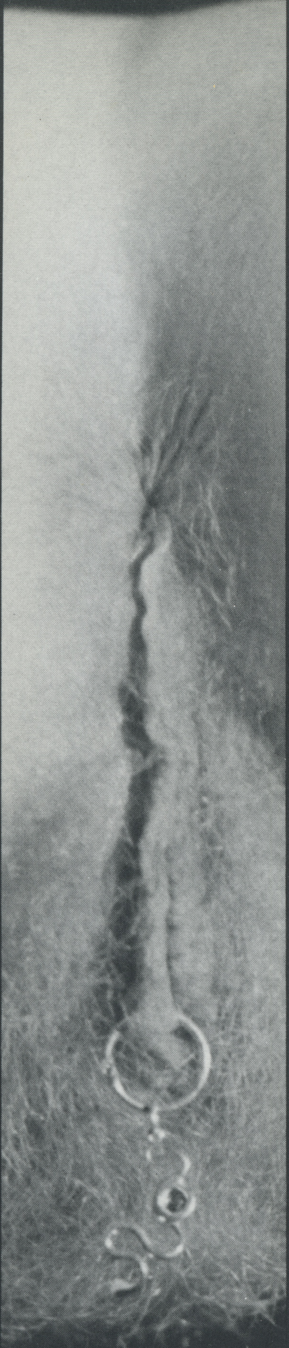
Deitch found investors who had similiar feelings as she did about the importance of such a film, among them, **Stockard Channing**, **Lily Tomlin**, and **Gloria Steinem**. The largest single group of investors are lesbians, although the single most generous investor is a gay man.

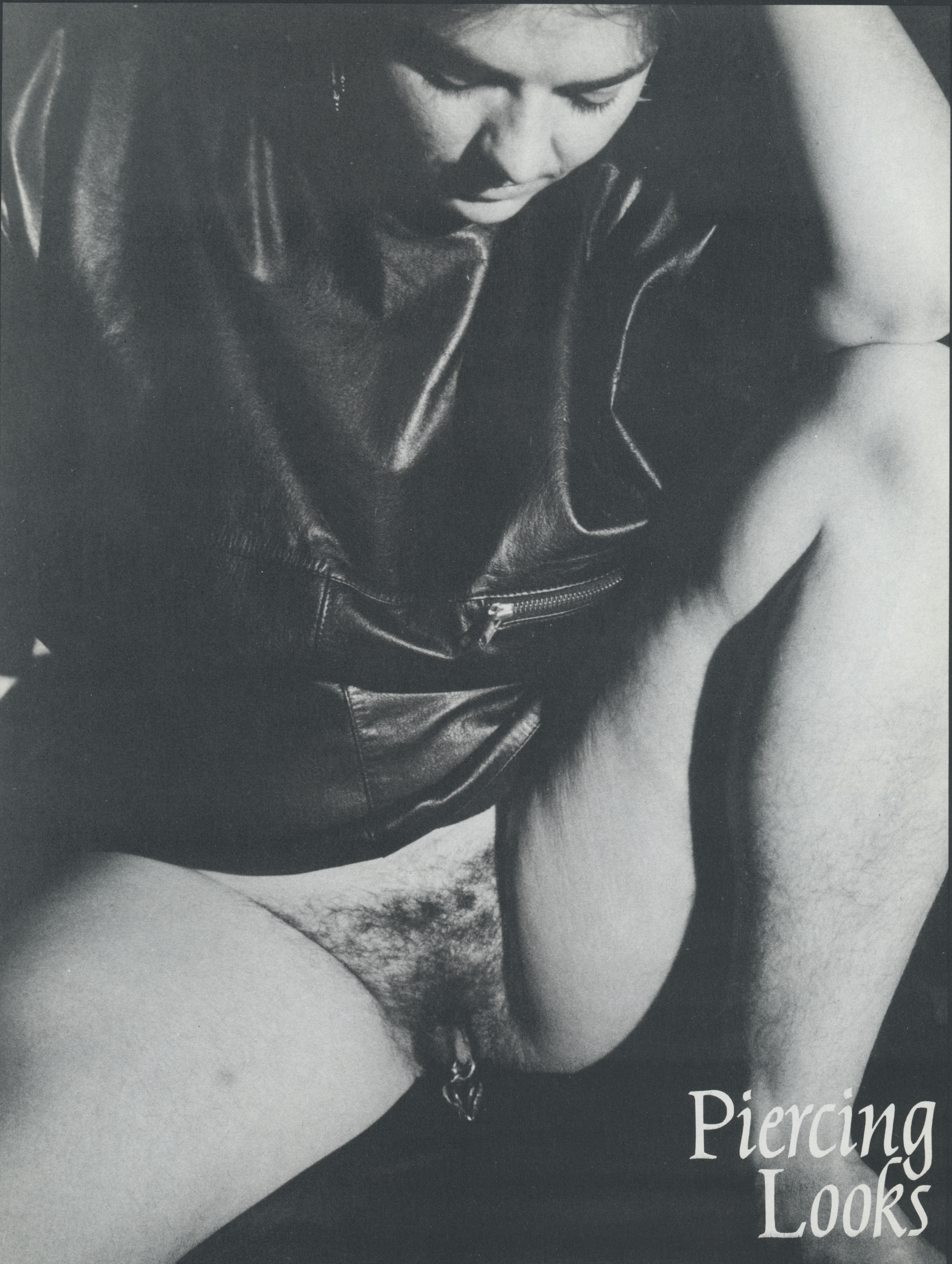
Donna did not have any difficulty finding a distributor. **The Samuel Goldwyn Co.**, which is the largest movie distributor in the world, actually outbid other companies who were anxious to handle the film.

The films two lovers are Vivian Bell and Cay Rivers, played by **Helen Shaver** and **Patricia Charbonneau,** respectively. Vivian comes to Nevada seeking a quick divorce--this is the '50's, remember--from her stifling 12 year marriage and perfectly rigid lifestyle. In Reno, she meets a tidal wave of sexual energy in the form of convertible-cruising Cay Rivers, a local isolated dyke and casino cashier. Cay's physical frankness and warm savvy are sure to knock lesbian audiences dead, similiar to the impact of **Patricia Donnelly's** butch character in **Personal Best.** (Wouldn't we love to know what happened to her!).

One 80's addition to the film that never appeared in the book is an explicit love scene shot in close-up, broad daylight, and with only the sound of the desert trains in the background. It will be interesting to see how the theme of homosexuality in the 50's, as it was known then, and the metaphor of the desert's desolation and uneven chances, holds up against the sophistication of a 1986 film debut among an audience that has experienced quite a sexual revolution in the meantime.

EROTIC IN NATURE





Piercing Looks

MODELS: VULVA LEE, SUSIE BRIGHT
ALL JEWELRY BY RAELYN GALLINA

Beauty Doesn't Hurt

Fanny Fatale

I must confess, I'm just a vanity girl. When I set about to contemplate the *au naturale* state of my pussy, it was not with sex on my mind, but rather beauty.

From head to toe, the only part of my body not ornamented is that triangular mound near my thighs. Except for the embellishment of an occassional scanty panty, its decorative life is characterized by nakedness and neglect. My sweet muff has been cared for, examined, played with and stuffed with all manner of magnificient, gilded items (I admit it), but adorned? Why it never crossed my mind, until recently when I decided a more glamous change to my organ was overdue.

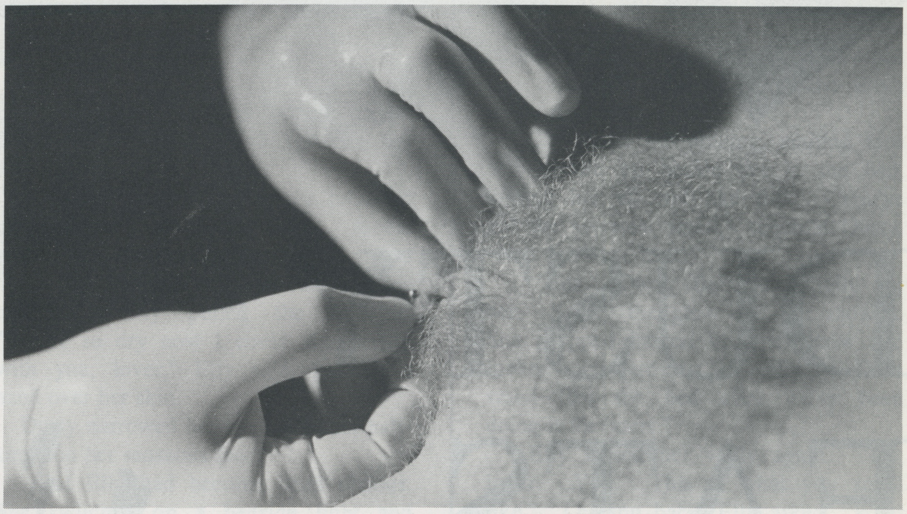
I invited a well-known piercing artist and a few friends over one evening to enjoy the tapping of my virginal labia. The artist and I choose the inner labia near my clit, and I braved the excruciating pain (all five seconds of it) without anesthesia. There was little blood, no mess, and it healed in half the time of an ear without any of the soreness or infection common to ear piercings.

When I saw the little gold ring sparkling from its bed of pussy hair, I felt a rare and unusual warmth and affection for my pussy. I love this little ring now more than I ever thought I would. I love beauty, and the ring put me in touch with the comeliness, not just the function, of my pussy.

It was only when I dug out all those pairless earrings I'd been saving, to see what I could dangle from my new ring, that I had a rich and gratifying surprise. A titillating sensation arose from the gentle weight of the earring. Now, I'm a woman who likes nothing mild-mannered about how I have my sex, thank you. Rough riders only need apply. I was startled by this subtle, persistent tingle creeping ever nearer to my clit. When I bent over my jewerly box and felt the movement of my attached baubble, the horny throb escalated into that painful ache of desire. It hurt obsessively, this need, and I became single-mindedly bent on only one thing - Satisfaction, Now!

Raelyn and Fanny discuss where to place the ring. They choose the inner labia next to her clitoris

After thoroughly cleansing the area, Raelyn steadies herself and the needle for the piercing.



The piercing completed, the 14k gold ring is inserted.

I reached for the crystal-pink glass egg on my dresser, slipped it between my lips, kept shaking my adorned ass, and soon it was all over, quick as it started.

I sat down on the floor amidst all my earrings and realized that it was not just social modesty that kept this femme from embellishing her puss, but taboos on sex and the body as well. And I thought I knew all about sex! It's nice to know these sexual discoveries just never seem to stop.

DUSTY EATS OUT

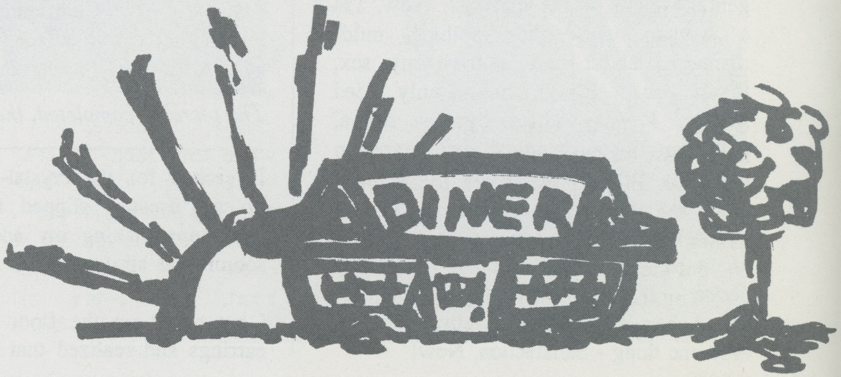
Lee Lynch

"Dusty, lover?" Elly asked. "Aren't you ever going to go down on me?"

It was a hot, moist, blue summer dusk. They'd been putting in sixteen hour days at the Diner since they'd bought it five months before. At the end of this infrequent day off, they'd begun making love early. Noisily bedding birds were a love song out their window.

Dusty peeled her big-boned naked body away from the smaller Elly and stared anxiously through the almost smoky light at her. Without glasses, the last of Elly's makeup seemed like smudged dusk. "You mean...?" she asked, unable to think of the words she needed.

Elly twisted close again and smoothed Dusty's short, wavy auburn hair back, tonguing an earlobe. "I mean with your mouth," she whispered, rubbing a sharp hip across Dusty's belly. "You know, like this," and she sucked on the earlobe, then flicked it back and forth with her tongue. "I never did that before."



Elly stopped. Her younger body, small-breasted, with fragile-looking, slender shoulders, glowed, sweaty from humidity, in the dim light. The shock on her face began slowly to fade to her slow, teasing smile.

Dusty dove, belly down, under a pillow. Partly to escape that knowing smile. Mostly to hide her embarrassment. They'd been together over a year. She'd been making love with women ever since she'd entered the Navy twenty-two years before, just out of high school.

"How could you never do that?" Elly asked in astonishment. "Though I can understand not wanting to with old prune-face Doris."

In the seventeen years she'd been with Doris, Dusty had only tried it once, after an old Navy buddy had brought home some post cards from Denmark. She'd slid down Doris' body, getting as far as rubbing her lips across her public hair. Doris had stopped her. "I guess," she said to Elly, her head still under the pillow, "it just never came up."

Elly hung over her broad back so her breasts just grazed it, and said, "Do me, lover?"

It seemed to be Elly's favorite phrase, said with her Tennessee drawl exaggerated, a sure-fire way to turn Dusty on. But did she want to do it?

"Don't you want to?" Elly asked, her breasts tracing double patterns on Dusty's back.

She shrugged, half hoping Elly would give up and drop the subject. The room was growing darker. Outside there was a lull in the birds' chatter and she could hear her ducks quack across the little pond that had come with her older, tiny house.

But Elly just stretched against her so her slightly long brown hair tickled Dusty's neck. Again, Elly whispered into her ear. "Then let me do you."

"Elly..." Dusty complained, her tone half-aggrieved, half pleased and excited.

Elly began to tickle her, giggling. "Don't you hide your face from me all night, you old bear. You come out here and get yours."

Dusty twitched and held her breath to defend herself from Elly, but the woman was unrelenting. So she heaved herself up and pushed Elly back downward on the bed. "I can't," she said, breathless. There was nothing like a few hours alone with Elly to make her forget her role in the world as a competent, hard-working cook and restaurant owner, and bring out the kid in her.

"Why not?" asked Elly, apparently perfectly happy to lie beneath her and grind her pelvis upward instead of down. Their hot damp bodies made a sucking sound each time Elly broke contact. "Here," she said, gripping Dusty by the buttocks, urging her forward with her hands. "Scoot up over my mouth."

"El!"

Elly laughed at her shock. "Why not?"

"I didn't even have time for a shower today!"

Minutes later, Elly sat on the closed toilet seat as Dusty showered.

"You sure are taking your sweet time," Elly said when she'd finished removing her nail polish. "If we don't take more time off, my nails are going to look like I do them with your rose clipper."

Dusty turned off the water and dried every available inch of herself, twice. She even passed a hand between her legs and smelled her fingers.

The sight of Elly's delicate fingers holding her apart, of her tongue touching her there, of her soft moisture-smeared lips pursed above her -- it was as if some bright hot star shone on them, illuminating Elly for her further pleasure.

Elly was laughing when she followed her back to bed in the dark. A car started on their suburban street. "Be home by midnight!" called an anxious mother. Elly pulled the curtains. "You're so dry now I could start a fire with you, lover," Elly said, passing a hand over her skin.

Dusty narrowed her eyes, a secret half-smile on her sensuous face.

But Elly had become dead serious. She switched on a bedside light and slowly, deliberately untied Dusty's white terry robe. "Yeah," Elly said, her voice deep, slow, "and that's exactly what I'm planning to do."

In the heat she lay still, robe spread open, long fleshy legs gently urged apart, her lover's mouth breathing hotly on her skin, still warm from the shower. "Can't we turn the light off?" she asked.

Elly had parted her outer lips and was blowing between them. She looked up. "But you're so pretty to look at!" Her laugh, sometimes, was like glass wind-chimes.

"Pretty?" She squirmed as Elly studied her.

Laughing, Elly said firmly, "Pretty. Even butches are pretty down there."

"You could at least close your eyes." She paused, relishing a particularly favorite fantasy of hers. "And put your heels back on."

"Why, Dusty," Elly said in surprise, but said no more. She quickly bent to the floor and slipped into her black patent leather high heels, giving Dusty time to admire their effect on her little feet, beneath her long, shaved, shapely legs. Then she nestled between Dusty's legs once more and her tongue licked, flat and hard, the length of Dusty's inner lips.

She gasped at Elly's touch. Nothing had ever felt like that.

"You like it, lover?" Elly asked, talking into her, starting a new rush of feeling.

She no longer minded the light being on. The sight of Elly's delicate fingers holding her apart, of her tongue touching her there, of her soft moisture-smeared lips pursed above her -- it was as if some bright hot star shone on them, illuminating Elly for her further pleasure.

Elly pulled her inside her mouth. All of her. And Dusty felt the flood of her excitement immerse the tongue that entered her. Then the flood spilled out of her 'till her thighs were wet, the bed was damp, 'till she came against Elly's soft, warm tongue.

Elly lifted her shining, smiling face and moved up beside her in the bed, kissing her all wet like that. "You've got the sweetest smell," she told Dusty. "And you taste like..."

"Sex," Dusty finished happily for her. Surely the glow she felt showed. She propped herself on one elbow and looked wonderously at Elly. "You smell like the bed after we've been doing it for hours."

Elly kissed her wetly again. "No, lover. You. This is what you smell like." Leaning back, Elly asked, "Want a cigarette?"

"No." She was wondering what Elly smelled like. "El," she began, thickly, clearing her throat, but the words were too hard. Gently, she pushed Elly back onto the bed. It was Elly's turn to grin. Slowly, she moved where she

(continued on page 45)

It's fall, full color fall. It's so beautiful, it's hard to describe what wonders grow here in this coastal town. I live about 100 miles south of San Francisco, yet close to the mountains and forests that are important to me and how I like to live. It's Sunday and a great day for a walk, so I am visiting one of the many state parks in the area.

I am feeling very sexual today. I have no lover, and haven't had one for some time now. I don't mind for the most part, but it's times like this that I wish I could change all that with a snap of my fingers. For now, I will just settle for the sun and the warmth of the day to fill my time.

Let me tell you a little about myself and my sexuality. I like fucking; the touch of a woman, the taste of her sweet cunt, the feel of lips kissing mine, and the feel of two bodies pressing together. To be quite frank, I haven't had much lately. I attribute it to living in one place for too long.

SUNDAY STRANGERS

by Vera Goeglein
portraits of author by J.A. Cherry

I am strolling along and I notice that the park is empty; no one else is here. This is fine with me, as I am used to it lately. I have to say, that being single for the last few months has taught me a lot about self-love and my sexual needs, but there is nothing to replace the touch of another woman. The feel of soft lips, round shoulders, kinky, curly hairs in my face, the soft, subtle scent of a woman's vulva, and the smell of hot love and fucking.

As I am thinking of this, my thoughts are interrupted by the sound of footsteps. I take a seat on a rock and wait for the person to come and go. I am a little tired anyway, so I wait to see who is here in this park I thought was so empty.

It is a woman. A flush runs through my body and I smile at her. But she doesn't return the smile. Her eyes drop to the ground, and she walks away in the opposite direction from me. I stand up and wonder a minute, then start after her. I stop one more time to look around and see if there is anyone watching, but there isn't. I keep going, and I see her sneaking a glance at me. She smirks, and walks a little faster. I feel this cold fear run though me. It excites me to know that I want to fuck this woman, whom I have yet to meet.

I quicken my pace to catch up. She knows this park better than I. I think she wants me to get closer, but not too close. As I approach her from behind, I feel very hot and very excited. I can feel the dampness between my legs. I know now that I am going to fuck this woman today, here, in this park. She glances back at me again, and I have another flash. I pick up my stride. I'm right behind her now, just a reach away, already fucking her in my mind. The idea of reaching her has sweat running down my face. I am so aroused that my whole body is shaking. My clit is throbbing. The closer I come to her the more I want to lay her down, pull her lips to mine, and push my body against hers.

(continued on page 44)

The NAUGHTY

YOUR BASIC QUICHE PIE

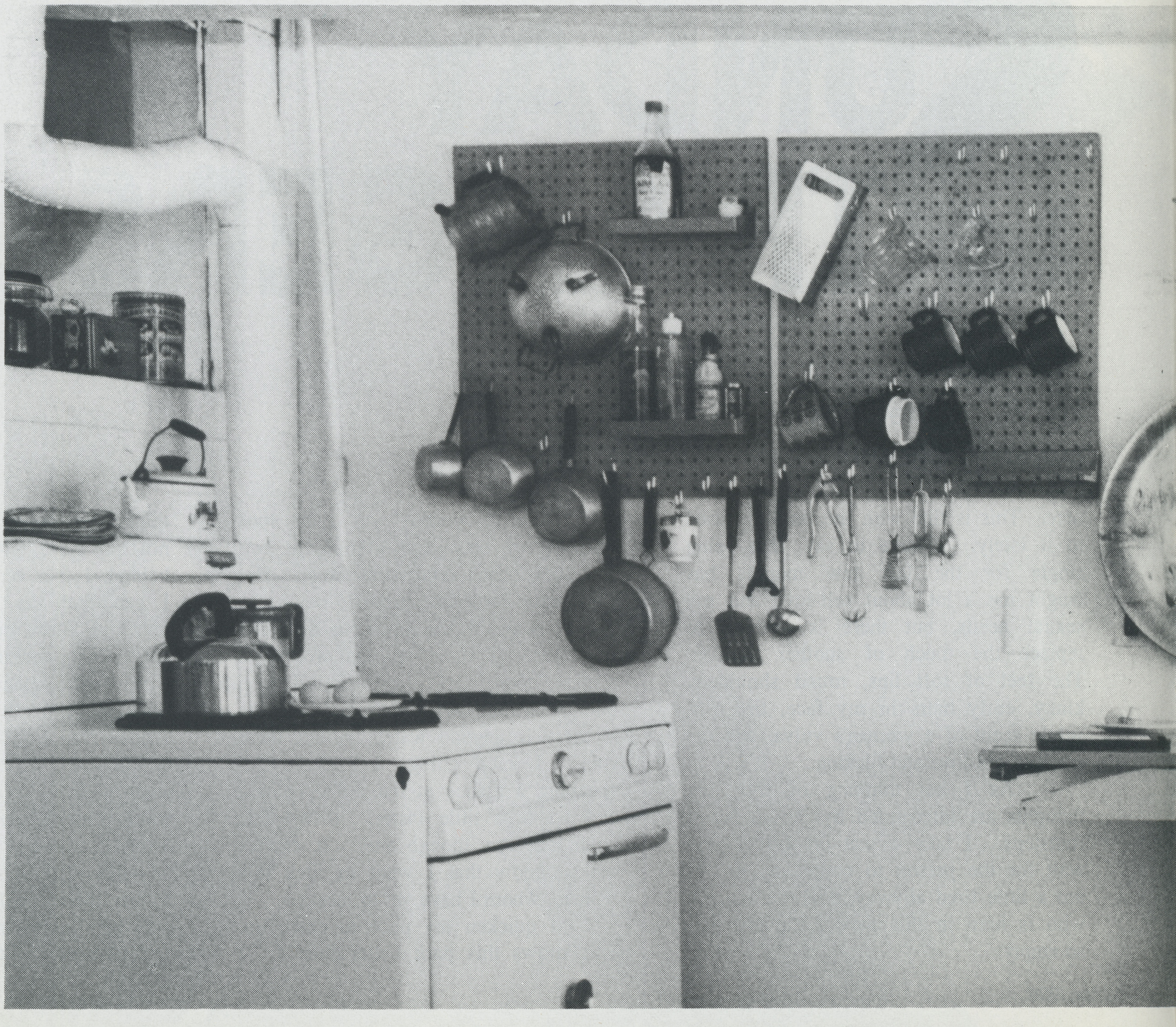
WE KNOW REAL MEN DON'T EAT QUICHE... SO NATURALLY REAL LESBIANS LOVE IT. ANY OL' PIE REALLY.

RADINO OIL
extra virgin olive oil

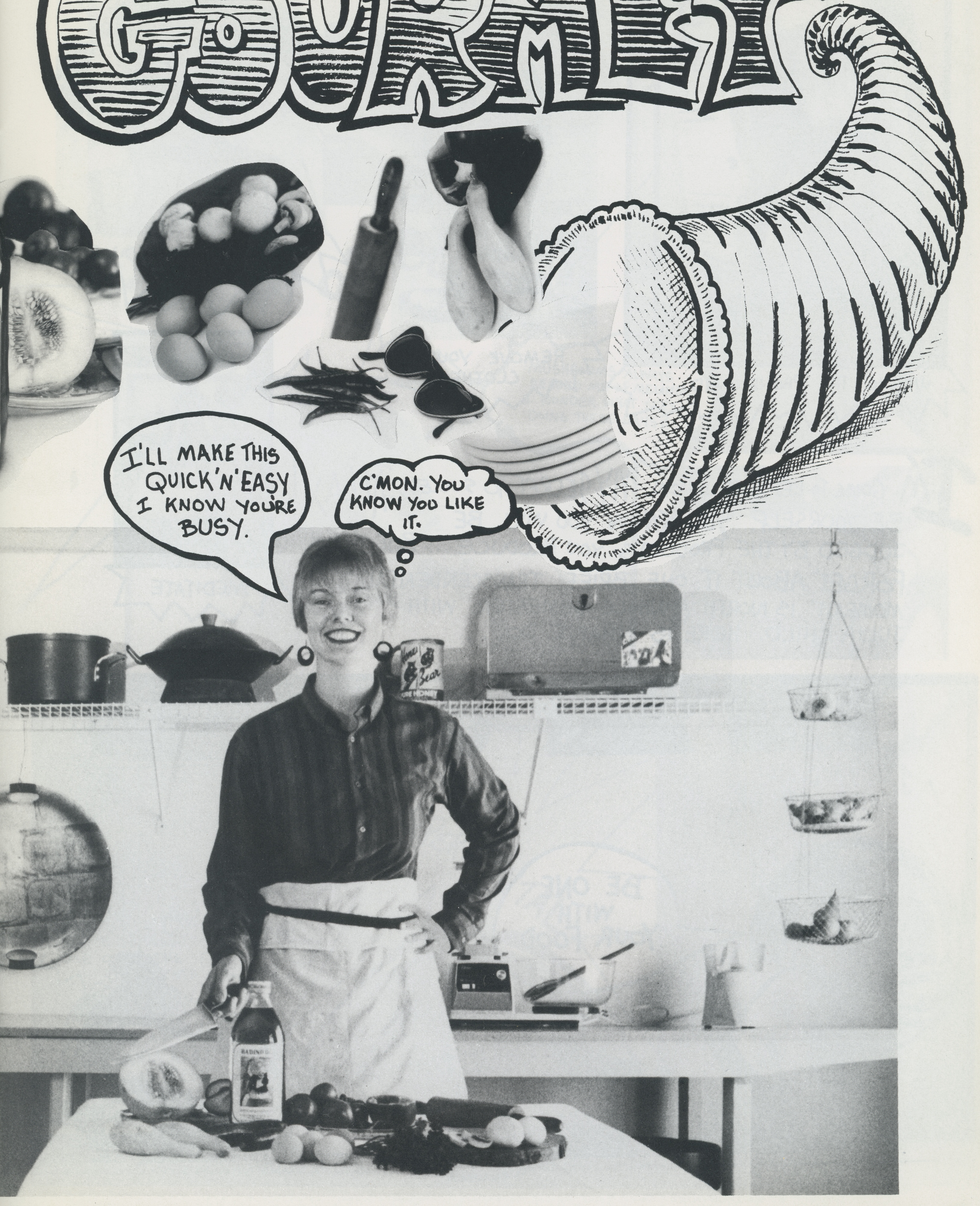
MAYBE YOU HAD TO STAY UP LATE LAST NIGHT WORKING ON YOUR BOSS'S LATEST BRAIN CHILD — IT'S A REVOLUTIONARY NEW PORTABLE-FOLDING-BATHTUB. NOT SUCH A BAD IDEA REALLY, IT PLUGS INTO ANY DRINKING FOUNTAIN... AND THE **DELUX** MODEL COMES WITH A T.V. AND STEREO. **BUT...** THE GIRLS WILL RENDEZVOUS AT YOUR HOUSE ANY MINUTE NOW. YOU WANT TO FIX THEM SOMETHING SPECIAL BEFORE YOUR BIG BOWLING TOURNAMENT. WHAT SHOULD YOU DO?

LET THEM EAT QUICHE

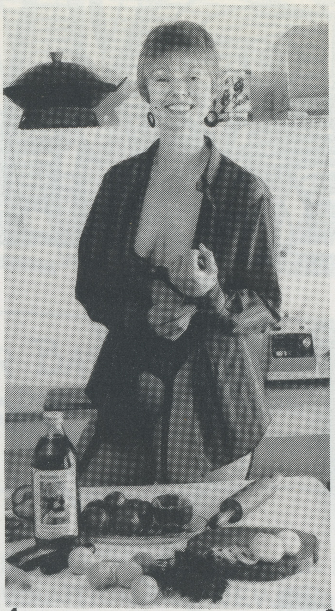
STORY AND PHOTOS: HONEY LEE "BUNNY" COTTRELL
THE GOURMET: SUE "AVAILABLE" TRAYLING
IDEA 'N' CLOTHES STYLIST: SUSIE "SEXPERT" BRIGHT
TITLE AND DRAWING: KIM "I'M AVAILABLE TOO" LARSON



GOURMET


I'LL MAKE THIS QUICK'N'EASY I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY.
C'MON. YOU KNOW YOU LIKE IT.

UNPLUG THE PHONE AND...



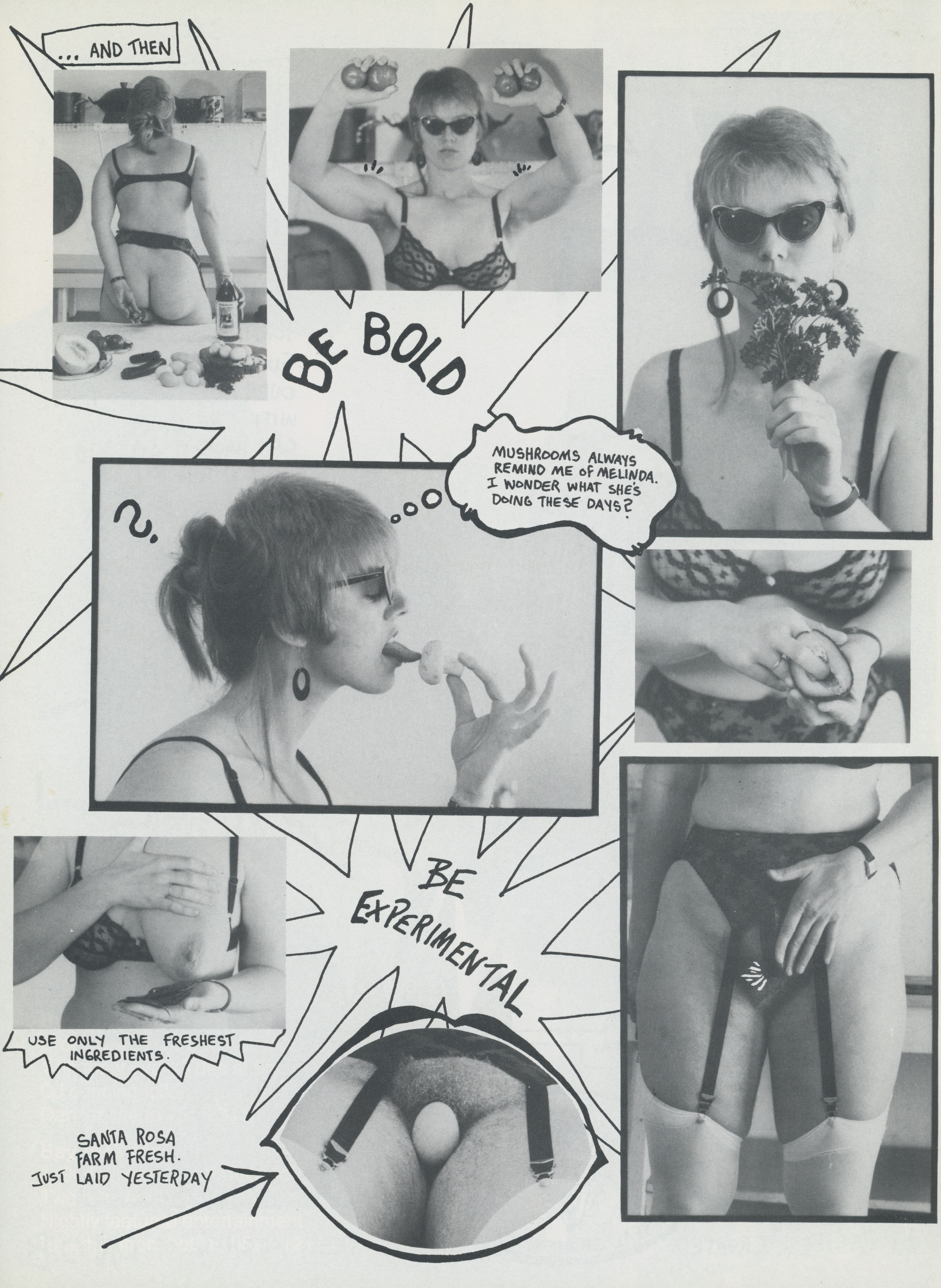
REMOVE YOUR CLOTHES.

DARK GLASSES REDUCE DISTRACTION.

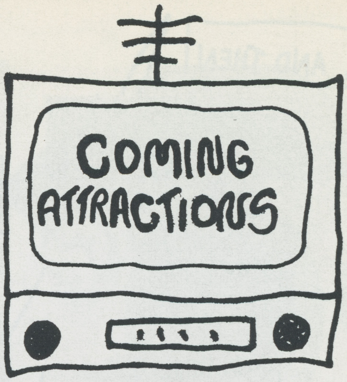
I'M GOING TO LET YOU IN ON *MY* SECRET TO SUCCESS. **RELAX!** BE YOURSELF. **YOU KNOW** YOU WILL BE JUDGED BY THE PRODUCTS YOU PRODUCE... BUT JUST **FORGET ABOUT IT.** ONE BRIEF TRANSCENDENTAL MOMENT IS WORTH A WHOLE SEMESTER WITH JULIA CHILD. HERE IS WHAT I DO...

MEDITATE

BE ONE WITH YOUR FOOD


... AND THEN
BE BOLD
?
MUSHROOMS ALWAYS REMIND ME OF MELINDA. I WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING THESE DAYS?
BE EXPERIMENTAL
USE ONLY THE FRESHEST INGREDIENTS.
SANTA ROSA FARM FRESH. JUST LAID YESTERDAY

OHM'GOD THEY'RE HERE


COMING ATTRACTIONS

NEXT WEEK:

FINGER FOOD FOR PORN FILMS. WHAT TO FIX WHEN THE GIRLS COME OVER FOR FUN AND FROLIC WITH THE V.C.R. YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL AND EAT IT TOO.

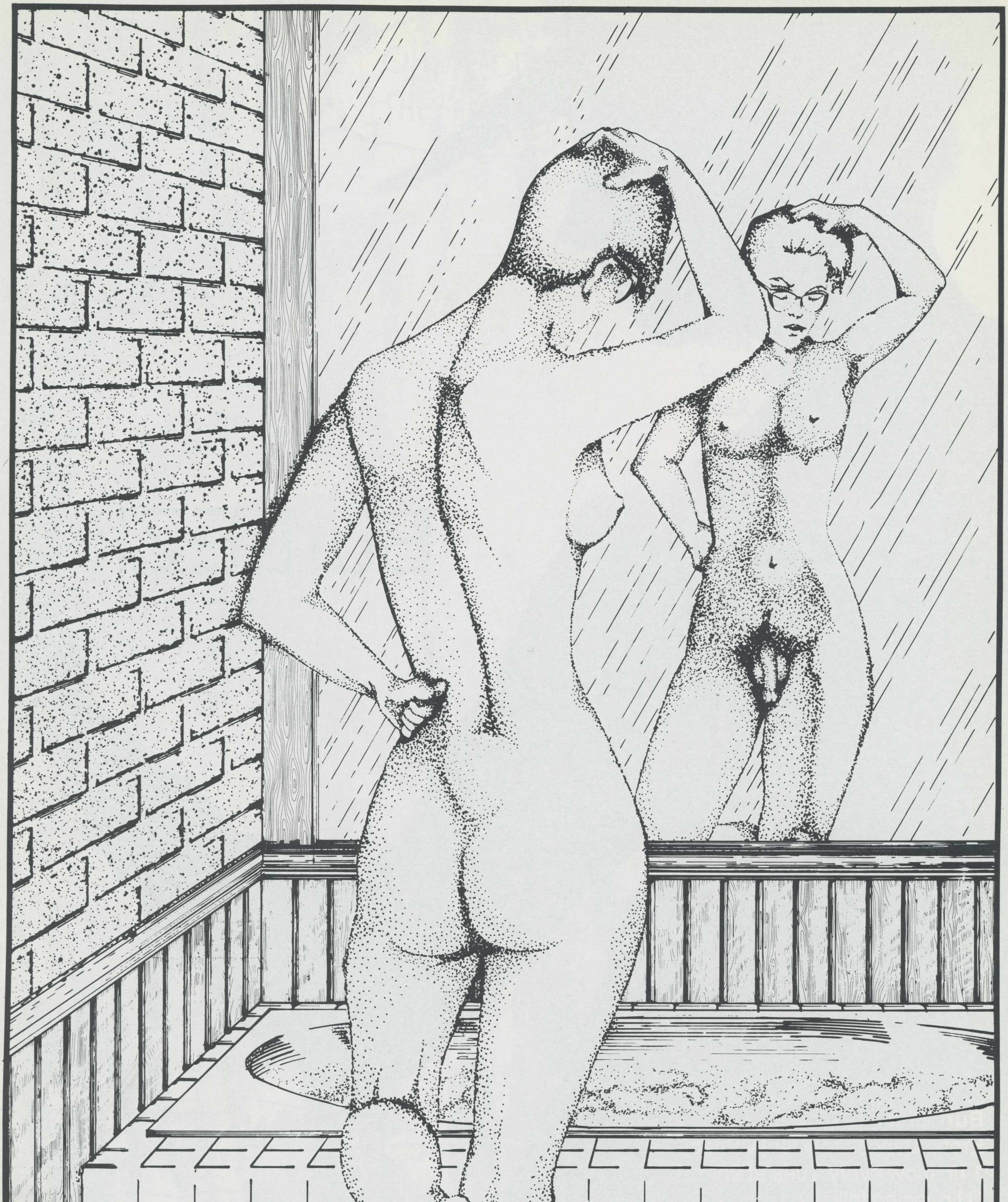
RING
RING
RRRRING
RING
BE THERE IN A JIFFY. LET'S GO OUT FOR PIZZA. I'M HUNGRY!

YE OL' DYKE GOOD COOZYKEEPING SEAL OF APPROVAL

ALL RECIPES CREATED IN THE TEST KITCHEN OF ON O.B.

BurLEZk
Erotic Danceshow for Women
1 hr show every Tues at 9pm
DJ dancing follows
Dancer lineup 751-7341

Baybrick Inn
1190 Folsom, San Francisco
Two bars and Myra's kitchen
Nightly featured entertainment
Entertainment hotline 552-1121


Sally Barr '85

Sally Barr

a short story about a penis

by Sarah Schulman

Here's what happened the night before. They sat in their usual spots, Jesse on the chair, Ann on the couch. Jesse's hair was like torrents of black oil plunging into the sea. Ann watched her, remembering standing in the butcher shop looking at smoked meat, smelling the grease, imagineing Jesse's tongue on her labia. She was starving. Ann lit a cigarette. She saw again how invested she'd been in Jesse changing.

"I'm just waiting for a man to rescue me," Jesse said. "Somewhere in my coo-coo head I'm stuck on the idea that if I don't have a man in my life, I have no emotional life. I think my expectations are just too high."

"What are your expectations?" Ann asked questions like a therapist.

"I want them to want to please me."

Ann had heard this before. Sometimes she felt angry for Jesse's life, but she also felt tremendous hope.

"Look, Jess, why don't we put a timeline on this thing. Let's say, forty. If no man rescues you by the time you're forty, we'll try it from another angle. What do you think?"

"I might be in a mental hospital by the time I'm forty."

Jesse was thirty-two. This was a realistic possibility.

"Jesse, if instead of being two women, you and I were a woman and a man, would we be lovers by now?"

"Yes." Jesse had to answer "yes" because it was so obviously true.

"So what's not there for you in us being two women? Is it something concrete about a man, or is it the idea of a man?"

"Well, it's not a man's voice, or his beard, no, I don't think it's anything physical. I think it's the idea of a man. I want to know that my lover is a man. I need to be able to say that."

Ann stared to shake and covered her legs with a blanket so it wouldn't be so obvious, but Jesse'd seen this many times before. Ann felt like a child, she put her head on Jesse's shoulder, she felt weak and ridiculous. Then, they kissed, it felt so familiar. They'd been doing that for months. They knew how eachother kissed. Ann felt Jesse's hand on her waist and back and chest. Jesse reached her hand to Ann's bra. She'd done this before too. First tentatively, then more directly, she brushed her hands and face against Ann's breasts. Ann kissed her skin and licked it. She sucked her fingers , knowing those nails would have to be cut before Jesse put her fingers into Ann's body. She looked at Jesse's skin, at her acne scars and blackheads. She wanted to kiss her a hundred times. Then, like always, Jesse became disturbed, agitated. "I'm nervous again," she said, "like 'oh no' now I'm going to have to fuck."

Suddenly Ann remembered that their sexual life together was like a piece of glass. She put on her shirt and went home. This was the middle of the night in New York City.

******

When Ann awoke the next morning from unsettling dreams, she saw that a new attitude had dawned with the new day. She felt accepting , not proud. She felt ready to face adjustment and compromise. She was ready for change. Even though she was fully awake, her eyes had not adjusted to the morning. She reached for her glasses, but found them inadequate. Then she looked down and saw that she had a penis.

Surprisingly, she didn't panic. Ann's mind, even under normal circumstances, worked differently than the minds of many of those around her. She was able to think three thoughts at the same time, and as a result often suffered from headaches, disconnected conversation, and too many ideas. However, at this moment, she only had thought two thoughts: "what is it going to be like to have a penis?" and " I will never be the same again".

It didn't behave the way most penises do. It rather seemed to be trying to find its own way. It swayed a bit as she walked to the bathroom mirror, careful not to let her legs interfere, feeling off balance, like she had an itch and couldn't scratch it. She tried to sit back on her hips, for she still had hips, and walk pelvis first, for she still had her pelvis. In fact, everything appeared to be the same except that she had no vagina. Except that she had a prick.

"I am a prick." she said to herself.

The first thing she needed to do

(continued on page 38)

LESBIANS & AIDS

by Nisa Donnelly

WHEN IT COMES TO AIDS, lesbians are the safest, sexually active group in the country. No woman has ever reported contracting the deadly disease from sex contact with another woman, and the reason may be as simple as anatomy or as complex as how well a virus can survive in women's bodily fluids. Researchers are beginning to believe it may be a combination of many factors.

The vagina is designed to expand and contract, to slough off infection, the walls are thick and difficult to tear, unlike rectal tissue which is fragile and tears easily. Anal intercourse is believed to be a prime method of transmitting Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) throughout the gay male population. Since the AIDS virus, HTLV-III, flourishes in blood and semen, researches believe the disease is best transmitted when the virus has a direct route into the blood stream, such as semen carrying the virus entering a tear in the rectal lining.

"We will see lesbian cases of AIDS more likely due to drug use than to sexual behavior. Of the seven cases of AIDS among lesbians reported to the Center for Disease Control (CDC, the federal health organization that is monitoring the AIDS epidemic in this country), six had a history of IV drug abuse, and the seventh has received a blood transfusion from a person later found to have the HTLV-III virus," explains Dr. Judith Cohen, an epidemiologist who is studying AIDS and women.

Research is only just beginning on how well the virus lives in menstrual blood or vaginal and cervical secretions, and no one will speculate on what that might ultimately show, but if AIDS acts like gonorrhea, and researchers believe it may, women run a far greater risk of getting the disease from intercourse with men than men do from sexual contact with women. And woman to woman? Those chances are even less.

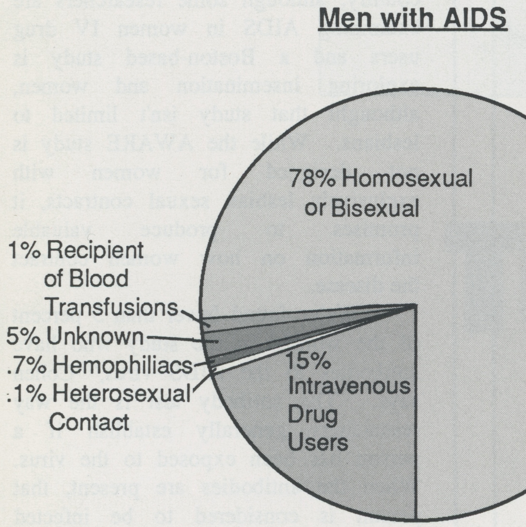
Because so little is known about AIDS and women, researchers are still looking to other sexually transmitted diseases for clues. Only a few AIDS virus cultures exist that have been grown in women's bodily fluids, more are being grown, but there are few labs in the country that even grow the AIDS cultures. That work is tedious, time consuming and expensive. And when it comes to AIDS research, women are at the bottom of the list.

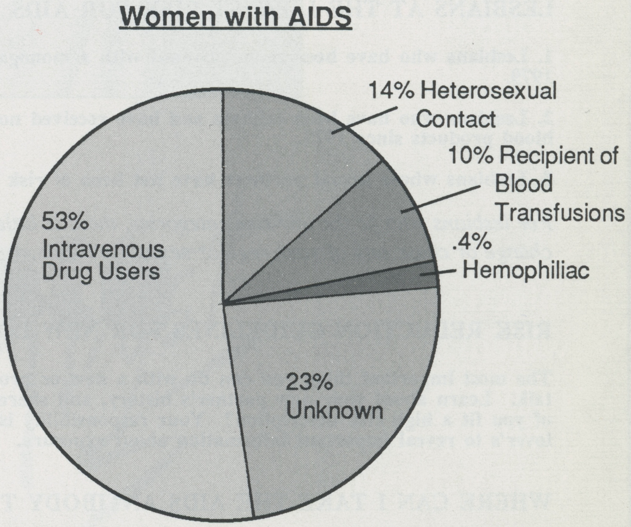
Only about 7 percent of the 14,000 persons in this country diagnosed with AIDS are women and about half of those contracted the disease from intravenous drug use. No one knows exactly how many lesbians have actually been diagnosed with AIDS, the almost always fatal disease that weakens the body's immune system until it can no longer fight off other infections. Only when pressed will AIDS experts even hazard a guess -- perhaps 5 percent or less of the 1,000 women who have been diagnosed since 1979 -- and most of the cases of lesbians with AIDS are being attributed to intravenous drug use. The other cases apparently have no known cause.

"Woman, generally speaking, have not been exposed to repeated bouts of gonorrhea or other sexually transmitted diseases that damage the body's immune system, as have many gay and bisexual men," Cohen says. "They also are, as a group, healthier than drug users, who may have had repeated bouts with hepatitis and infections that also damage the immune system."

"One thing we're looking at is if you can find the AIDS virus in women, does it grow well in healthy women, women who otherwise would not have damaged their immune systems? Even if women have the virus, they may not have as much. From studies of other viruses, we know that if you meet the virus once, your chances of developing the disease are not as great. You either have to have prolonged or repeated exposure to the virus or be in a health situation where the virus has a better chance to develop -- such as already having a compromised immune system from another disease."

If that's the case, then why are so many women worried? Because no one knows for sure how or if





0 Lesbian cases confirmed

women sexually transmit AIDS and that's what at least one group of women researchers is scrambling to find out.

San Francisco General Hospital is considered one of the leading hospitals in the country for AIDS research and care. It is here, tucked into the catacombs of the hospital compound, that the AWARE Project has its offices where researchers like Cohen are based. AWARE (Association for Women's AIDS Research and Education) is one of the few organizations in the world exclusively devoted to finding out more about women and AIDS. In the past six months, two major studies have come out of AWARE -- one on women, sexual transmission and AIDS, the other on lesbians who have inseminated. Both studies are too new to offer any concrete evidence, but each offers hope of providing some answers about women and this disease.

"There is no question that women are getting AIDS. But if women transmitted the disease as effectively as they seem to be getting it, we'd be seeing more women-to-men transmission cases and these have been far fewer than cases of men transmitting the disease to women," explains Cohen. Statistically, the CDC lists only 15 men who say they got AIDS from women, but 124 women have contracted the disease from sexual contract with men.

Since last summer, AWARE has been interviewing hundreds of sexually active women in San Francisco. There is no other study of its kind in the country, although some researchers are examining AIDS in women IV drug users and a Boston-based study is exploring insemination and women, althought that study isn't limited to lesbians. While the AWARE study is not designed for women with exclusively lesbian sexual contracts, it promises to produce valuable information on how women contract the disease.

"We've found fewer than 5 percent of the women in the study who have antibodies to the AIDS virus," Cohen says. The antibody test is the way researchers generally establish if a person has been exposed to the virus. When the antibodies are present, that person is considered to be infected with AIDS. However, only about 20% of those people go on to develop the disease.

"The good news is AIDS is low in women, the bad news is we're finding

(continued on page 42)

SAFE SEX GUIDELINES FOR LESBIANS AT HIGH RISK

Most lesbians do not have a high risk of contracting or transmitting the AIDS virus at this time. But for lesbians who fit into one of the "high risk" groups, your chances of contracting or transmitting the disease are just as serious as any other man, woman, or child who fall into the following high risk categories.

LESBIANS AT THE HIGHEST RISK FOR AIDS

1. Lesbians who share needles or any other paraphanalia (spoons, works, syringes) when using IV drugs. This is the single most important risk category for lesbians.

2. Lesbians who have had sexual contact with:
  - men who have been actively gay or bisexual since 1979,
  - people of either sex whose sexual histories are unknown,
  - people who use IV drugs,
  -people who are hemophiliac, or who have received blood transfusions between 1979-1985.

3. Lesbians who have received blood transfusions or blood products between 1979 and 1985.

Until there is more concrete evidence about women, AIDS, and transmission, AIDS experts are advising lesbians who believe that they run a real risk of either contracting or transmitting the disease to follow safe sex guidelines:

***Safe Sex Lesbian Practices*: massage, tribadism (body to body rubbing), social kissing, voyeurism, masturbation, sex toys that are not shared or are cleaned and dried thoroughly between each partner's use, S/M activities that do not involve exchanging bodily fluids, and virtually any other activity that does not require sharing or contact with bodily fluids.**

***Possibly Safe Sex Lesbian Practices*: cunnilingus with a latex barrier (such as dental dams, a thin square of latex available from dental supply houses), genital or anal contact with hands or fingers while wearing surgical latex gloves, genital or anal contrqct with hands or fingers when neither partner has cuts, scratches, or sores on their hands or genitals, french kissing, and external water sports.**

***Unsafe Sex Lesbian Practices*: unprotected cunnilingus (especially during menstruation since menstrual blood is currently considered to be the same as any other type of blood), any type of blood exchange, oral/anal contact, unprotected hand/vagina or hand/anal contact, urine or feces in the mouth or vagina, and sharing sex toys that have come in contact with bodily fluids.**

LESBIANS AT THE LOWEST RISK FOR AIDS

1. Lesbians who have been monnogamous with a monogamous partner since 1979.

2. Lesbians who have been celibate and have received no blood transfusions or blood products since 1979.

3. Lesbians whose sexual partners have not been at risk since 1979.

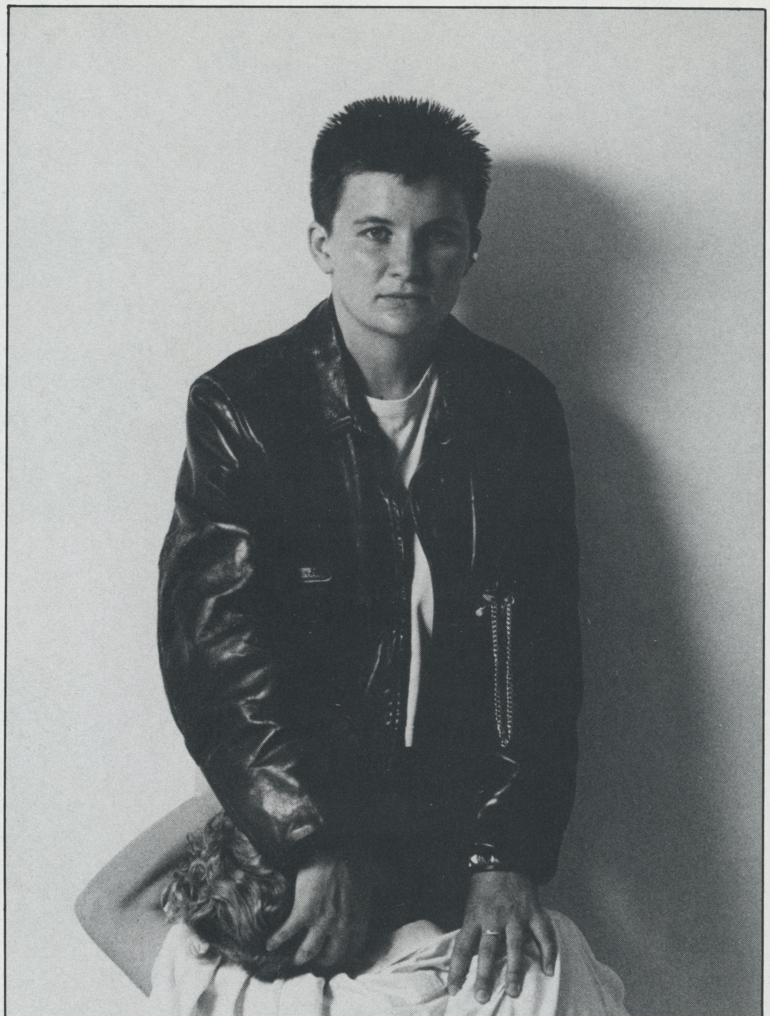
For lesbians who fit the low-risk categories, there is little reason to change or cease any of your regular sexual activities.

RISK REDUCTION GUIDELINES FOR NEW LOVERS

The most important thing you can do with a new or prospective lover is to talk. Learn about your new partner's history, and share your own. Do either of you fit a high risk description? Your responsibility is as vital as your new lover's to reveal important information about exposure.

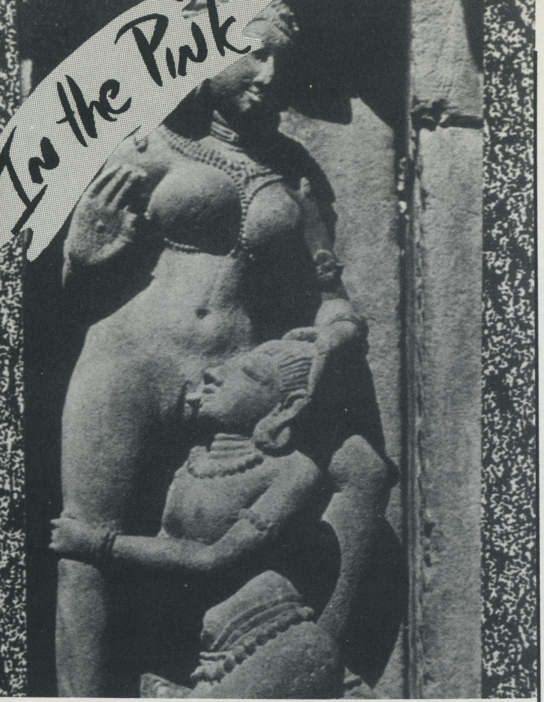
WHERE CAN I TAKE THE AIDS ANTIBODY TEST?

Certain specific AIDS antibodies tests can help you find out whether the AIDS antibodies are present in your system. Call your local health department and ask where you can get an anonymous AIDS antibody test that will be as specific as possible to your concerns.



Toronto Tryst

Photographed by
The Flying Femmes



ORAL FIXATION

by Suzann Gage

Oral sex, also known as cunnilingus, is without a doubt one of the most popular of lesbian sexual pleasures.

"One of my favorite pastimes is going down on my lover," says one reader. I love the soft warm slick feel of her cunt on my tongue and face. I love the way she tastes, sort of salty and sweet at the same time. When I'm penetrating her with my tongue I get so turned on. By that time she's usually got her face buried in cunt. It's like a little electrical connection between our tongues and clits that runs right through the center of our bodies. It gets me wet just thinking about it. I've experienced simultaneous orgasm sixty-nining like this. It felt incredible and tremendously connected."

Though many lesbians derive a tremendous amount of sexual pleasure and orgasm from oral sex, few women regularly orgasm at the same time as their partner.

Another woman says, "I don't have orgasms, but for me, putting my lips on my lover's clitoral lips has got to be the height of intimacy. I do get very sexually aroused making love with her. I feel extremely close to her, kissing and carressing those parts of our bodies with each other. It touches me deeply both physically and emotionally."

Some women use oral sex primarily as forplay:

"I've never cum just by having a partner go down on me. However, for me, oral sex is a wonderful prelude to getting fucked. I like being licked up and down from my periniem to my glans slowly, and methodically at first. Then, as I get more turned on, I want it harder and faster. I love it when my lover pulls my tits and quickly sucks my glans, then slides her tongue deep into my vagina like a tease. As the tension mounts, I can feel my bulbs get hard and swollen and my whole pelvis get hot and taut. Soon, I'm begging her to shove her fingers inside of me, and she delights in doing so when I least expect it."

Why DO women taste and smell so wonderfully musky and erotic? As one woman puts it, "There is no other smell or taste like it in the world. It's woman smell, woman taste."

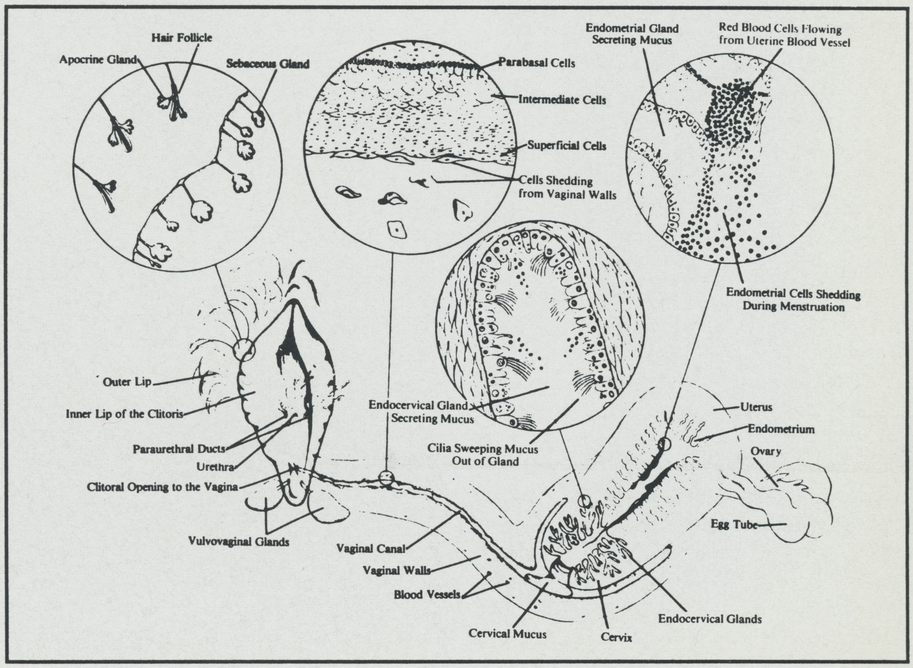
Women's clitoral and vaginal odors and secretions come from a variety of sources. During sexual arousal the vaginal walls sweat and produce slippery warm wet secretions. This secretion is believed to be expressed through the vaginal mucus membrane lining in response to congestion of blood in the vessels surrounding the vaginal wall. The vagina, like the mouth, contains a variety of healthy organisms. As long as the vaginal flora is in a healthy state these organisms exist in quantities and proportions that will not create a vaginal infection. (See my article on vaginal infections in OOB's Spring '85 issue). If a woman is healthy and has no vaginal infection, oral sex will not create or pass one on to a partner.

Vaginal secretions usually appear milky or cloudy, owing to the prescence of shed vaginal wall cells. Also depending upon where a woman is in her menstrual cycle, vaginal secretions will also contain clear, stringy, fertile mucus from the endocervical canal during ovulation, and blood and endometrial lining from the uterus during her period.

One woman characterized the taste and smell during ovulation as "light and sweet, like raw potatoes." Another woman calls it "clear, slippery, and salty". Before and during the period, some women find that the secretions taste and smell more metallic. Contrary to the sexist myth, the menses contain no poisons or wastes that could be harmful if ingested by the mouth. Quite the opposite, many women find menstruation to be a particularly erotic time for oral sex.

"I really like eating out a woman when she is on her period. There's something delightfully perverse and taboo about the whole thing that's very sexy to me. I like it because it often makes a woman's clit feel even more swollen and wet than usual. When I'm on my period, I like to squat over my lover while she licks me and squeezes my ass. I like to see my blood running down her face and neck as I am about to cum. It's almost ritualistic, and it makes me feel very witchy."

The appocrine glands of the vulva and the sebacious glands of the clitoris also contribute to the genital secretions and odors. The sebacious glands of the clitoral lips (found also on the face and other parts of the body) produce an oily fluid. The appocrine glands, in the vulvar hair follicles (also found in the


Hair Follicle
Apocrine Gland
Sebaceous Gland
Parabasal Cells
Intermediate Cells
Superficial Cells
Cells Shedding from Vaginal Walls
Endometrial Gland Secreting Mucus
Red Blood Cells Flowing from Uterine Blood Vessel
Endometrial Cells Shedding During Menstruation
Outer Lip
Inner Lip of the Clitoris
Paraurethral Ducts
Urethra
Clitoral Opening to the Vagina
Vulvovaginal Glands
Endocervical Gland Secreting Mucus
Cilia Sweeping Mucus Out of Gland
Uterus
Endometrium
Ovary
Egg Tube
Vaginal Canal
Vaginal Walls
Blood Vessels
Cervical Mucus
Cervix
Endocervical Glands

New View of a Woman's Body

arm pits) are largely responsible for the natural body odors which change in relation to diet, stress, exercise and general health and hygeine practices.

The vulvo-vaginal glans emit small amounts of fluid and are not believed to contribute to genital secretions. The paraurethral ducts, however, are believed to be responsible for female ejaculation which results in the expulsion of a large quantity of clear, odorless fluid during sexual arousal or orgasm.

Some lesbians are uncomfortable, or do not like, oral sex. Considering the extent to which women's bodies have been mystified and made the butt of misogynist "fish" jokes, it a wonder that any woman in our society could feel good about her body and especially her sexual organs and secretions.

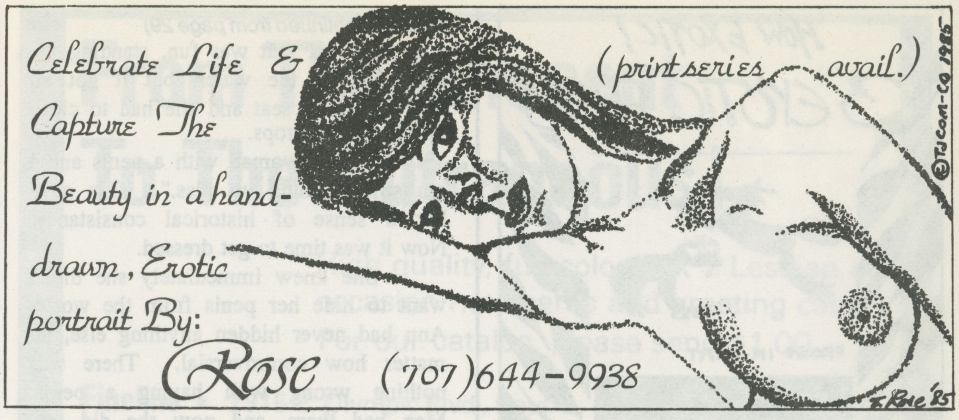
However, there are other reasons why some lesbians dislike oral sex. Certainly homophobia can contribute greatly to the erosion of one's self esteem and attitudes towards certain sexual activities. Other women have difficulty enjoying particular sexual acts that have previously been imposed on them.

One woman recalls, "I have never felt real great about oral sex, particularly when it's done to me. I've either felt negative or neutral about it, but rarely positive. I do not believe the reason is because of the cleanliness thing. I have no problem giving oral sex to my lover. I enjoy that, but usually feel uncomfortable having it done to me because it's so personal. It's too intimate. I connect it to a fear of intimacy. It makes me feel exposed and out of control. Fucking to me is less personal. I enjoy being penetrated."

Of course, some women, for reasons of personal preference, simply don't care to engage in oral sex. They find other sexual play more to their liking. Strong differences in sexual taste can sometimes create conflicts between partners. There may need to be an acceptance and willingness to work with the limitations, to explore and develop mutually enjoyable areas.

One woman relates, "I loved getting licked, and enjoyed it for years. Then I met my present lover, who does not like oral sex, not one little bit. It turned out that one big reason she doesn't enjoy pussy-licking is because it doesn't fit into the strong sexual fantasies she has. Once we found out all the details of each others' fantasy life, it was a lot easier to figure out how we could eroticize oral sex to make

(Contined on page 43)

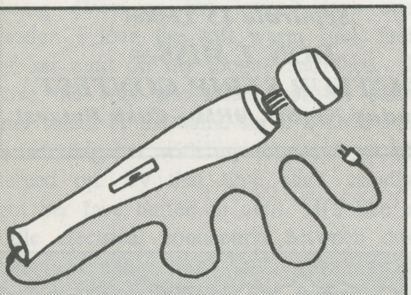

Celebrate Life &
Capture The
Beauty in a hand-
drawn, Erotic
portrait By:
Rose (707)644-9938
(print series avail.)

MITCHELL BROTHERS
O'FARRELL
BOX OFFICE OPENS 11:45AM SUN OPEN: 5PM
CORNER POLK/O'FARRELL 776-6686
Seasons Greetings
From The O'Farrell Theatre
Enjoy SF's Best
Professional Women Dancers
In A Clean, Hassle-Free
Atmosphere!
3 COMPLETELY DIFFERENT LIVE SHOWS!
• NEW YORK LIVE!
• ULTRA ROOM LIVE!
• KOPENHAGEN LIVE!
Plus—Quality Adult Films
Comfortable Loge Seating
Separate $5 Ticket
DON'T MISS—
AMATEUR STRIP CONTEST
Monday Nights, 9PM—Cash Prizes!

Sweet Dreams are
Made of This...
Dream
Weavers
(707)644-6062
The ONLY Fantasy Service
Owned AND Operated
By Women FOR WOMEN!
$17.50 & up - VISA/MC-AMEX-M.O.'s
The Perfect
Gift for
Your self
Or...
E. Rose '85
© TJ Com-Co

HOW EXOTIC!
3 EROTIC FLIPS
FROGS IN HEAT
HOT LICKS
BODYSCAPE

Three of Ruth Hayes flipbooks — an $11 value for TEN BUCKS EVEN, post paid!
Send check or money order payable to
RANDOM MOTION
159 Western Avenue #484, Seattle, WA 98119



WHY IS THE **HITACHI MAGIC WAND** ALMOST EVERYONE'S FAVORITE VIBRATOR?

- It's fun to use alone or with a partner.
- It's wonderful for massage, too.
- It's strong, reliable and guaranteed.

Get yours from GOOD VIBRATIONS, the sensual toy and book service especially for women (since 1975). Only $35.00 postpaid. Or send $3.00 for our unique catalog, FREE mini-vibrator and certificate worth $2.00.

Good Vibrations
3418-B 22nd Street
San Francisco, CA 94110

Women-owned and operated.

(PENIS *continued from page 29*)

was piss, and that was fun, standing up, seeing it hit the water, but it got all over the toilet seat and she had to clean up the yellow drops.

"I am a woman with a penis and I am still cleaning up piss." This gave her a sense of historical consistancy. Now it was time to get dressed.

She knew immediately she didn't want to hide her penis from the world. Ann had never hidden anything else, no matter how controversial. There was nothing wrong with having a penis. Men had them, and now she did too. She wasn't going to let her penis keep her from the rest of humanity.. She chose a pair of button-up levis. She worried about stuffing her penis into her pants where it bulged pretty obviously and made her feel tough. She wore a t-shirt that showed off her breasts and her muscles and headed towards the F-train to Shelley's house to meet her friends for lunch.

By the time Ann finished riding on the F train, she had developed a fairly integrated view of her new self. She was a lesbian with a penis. She was not a man with breasts. She was a woman. This was not androgeny, she'd never liked that word. Women had always been whole to Ann, not half of something waiting to be completed.

They sat in Shelley's living room eating lunch. These were her most attentive friends, the ones who knew best how she lived. They sat around joking until Shelley finally said, "What's that between your legs?"

"That's my penis," Ann said.

"Oh, so now you have a penis."

"I got it this morning. I woke up and it was there."

They didn't think much of Ann's humour usually so the conversation went on to other topics. Judith lit a joint. They got high and said funny things, but they did keep coming back to Ann's penis.

"What are you going to do with it?" Shelley teased.

"I don't know."

"If you really have a penis, why don't you show it to us?" Roberta asked. She was always provocative.

Ann remained sitting in her chair but unbuttoned her jeans and pulled her penis out of her panties. She had balls too.

"Is that real?" Roberta came over and put her face right up to Ann's crotch. She held Ann's penis in her hand. It just lay there.

"Yup, Ann's got a penis all right."

"Did you eat anything strange yesterday?" Judith asked.

"Maybe it's from masturbating," Roberta suggested, but they all knew that couldn't be true.

"Well, Ann, let me know if you need anything, but I have to say I'm glad we're not lovers anymore, because I don't think I could handle this." Judith bit her lip.

"I'm sure you'd do fine," Ann replied in her usual charming way.

******

Ann put on her flaming electronic lipstick. It smudged accidentally but she liked the effect. It looked so wrong with her curly straw hair. All this preparation was for the big event, Ann was ready to have sex. Thanks to her life-long habit of masturbating before she went to sleep, Ann had sufficiently experimented with erections and come. She'd seen enough men do it and knew how to do it for them, so she had no trouble doing it for herself. Sooner or later she would connect with another person. Now was the time. She wore her t-shirt that said, *"just visiting from another planet"*. Judith had given it to her and laughed nervously.

The Central Park ramble used to be a bird and wildlife sanctuary. Because it's hidden and therefore, forboding, gay men use it to have sex, and that's where Ann wanted to be. Before she had a penis, Ann used to imagine sometimes while making love, that she and her girlfriend were two gay men. Now that she had this penis, she felt open to different kinds of people and new ideas too. One thing she realized was that she could be lovers with almost anybody.

She saw a gay man walking through the park in his little gym suit. He had a nice tan like Ann did and a gold earring like she did too. His t-shirt also had writing on it. It said, *"All American Boy"*. His ass stuck out like a mating call.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," he said.

"Do you want to smoke a joint?" she asked very sweetly.

He looked around suspiciously.

"Don't worry, I'm gay too."

"OK, honey, why not. There's nothing much happening anyway."

So, they sat down and smoked a couple of joints and laughed and told about the different boyfriends and girlfriends that they had had, and which ones had gone straight and which ones had broken their hearts. Then Ann produced two beers and they drank those and told about the hearts that they had broken. It was hot and pretty in the park,.

Ann mustered up all her courage and said, "I have a cock."

"You look pretty good for a mid-op," he said. His name was Mike.

"No, I'm not a transexual. I'm a lesbian with a penis. I know this is unusual, but, would you suck my cock?"

Ann had always wanted to say "suck my cock" because it was one thing a lot of people said to her and she never said to anyone. Once she and her friends make little stickers that said, "*End Violence in the Lives of Women*", which they stuck up all over the subways. Many mornings when she was riding to work, Ann would see that different people had written over them, "suck my cock". It seemed like an appropriate response, given the world in which we all live.

Mike thought this was out of the ordinary, but he prided himself on taking sexual risks. So, he decided, "what the hell" and went down on her like an expert.

Well, it did feel nice. It didn't feel like floating in hot water, which is what Ann often thought of when a woman made love to her well with her mouth, but it did feel good. She started thinking about other things. She tried the two-gay men image, but it had lost its magic. Then she remembered Jesse. She saw them together in Jesse's apartment in their usual spots, Ann on the couch, Jesse in the chair.

"What's the matter Annie? Your face is giving you away."

"This is such a bastardized version of how I'd like to be relating to you right now."

"Well," said Jesse, "What would it be like?"

"Oh, I'd be sitting here and you'd say, I'm ready' and I'd say, 'ready for what?', and you'd say, I'm ready to make love to you Annie.' I'd say, 'why don't we go to your bed?' and we would."

"Yes," Jesse said, "I would smell your smell Annie. I would put my arms on your neck and down over your breasts. I would unbutton your shirt Annie and pull it off your shoulders. I would look at your breast, run my fingers down your neck and over your nipples. I would kiss your breast Annie, I would run my tongue down your neck to your breasts."

Ann could feel Jesse's wild hair like the ocean passing

(continued on page 40)

From The Innocent To The Outrageous!

High quality, full color, 5 x 7 Lesbian all occasion note cards and greeting cards. For our catalog, please send $1.00.

Fineline ▪ 2315 E. Olympic Blvd., Dept. B, Los Angeles, CA 90021.

HOT WOMEN TALK TAPES

Fun at Parties! Novel Holiday Gift!

Try a new fantasy toy for those long, warm winter eves.

By Women for Women

Quality Audio Cassette Tapes

☐ 1. Come Play with Us – Christie & Lynn
☐ 2. Lipstick & Lace Femme
☐ 3. Hot Woman for Hire
☐ 4. Dawn Wants You To Be Her First Woman
☐ 5. Be My Good Bottom
☐ 6. Black Leather Dykes

17 x 22" poster available for $6.00

FREE POSTER
with order of six or more tapes

$12.95 per tape (3 for $33) plus $2 postage/handling. Send check/money order (no CODs) payable to: **Key Communication, 100 Valencia Street, Suite 229, San Francisco 94103**

Quantity	DESCRIPTION *please print clearly*	Price Each	TOTAL

Name
Address
City State Zip
I am over 21 years old
SIGNATURE

Total for Merchandise
Calif. residents add 6½% sales tax
Postage & handling $2
TOTAL ENCLOSED

San Diego's HOTTEST Women's Bar

Open Daily
3pm to 2am
Dancing Nightly
$2 Cover
Friday and
Saturday

3780 Park Blvd.
(619) 295-4163

(PENIS *continued from page 39*)

over her chest, Jesse's mouth on Ann's nipples licking, her soft face against Ann's skin. She was licking, licking, then sucking, harder and harder until Jesse clung to her breasts harder and harder.

"You taste just like my wife," Mike said, after she came.

"What?" Ann's heart was beating. The ocean was crashing in her ears.

"I said, you taste just like my wife, when you come I mean. You don't come sperm, you know, you come women's cum, like pusssy."

"Oh, thank god." Ann was relieved.

******

Another morning Ann woke up and her fingers were all sticky. It was still dark. First she thought she'd had a wet dream, but when she turned on her reading lamp, she saw blood all over her hands. Instinctively she put her fingers in her mouth. It was gooey, full of membrane and salty. It was her period. She guessed it had no other place to come out, so it flowed from under her fingernails. She spent the next three and a half days wearing black plastic gloves.

The feeling of her uterine lining coming out of her hands gave Ann some hope. After living with her penis for nearly a month, she was beginning to experience it as a loss, not an acquisition. She was grieving for her former self.

One interesting item was that Ann was suddenly in enormous sexual demand. More women than had ever wanted to make love with her wanted her *now*. But most of them didn't want anybody to know so she said "no".

There was one women, though, to whom she said "yes". Her name was Muriel. Muriel dreamed that she made love to a woman with a penis and it was called "glancing". So, she looked high and low until she found Ann, who she believed had a rare and beautiful gift and should be honored.

Ann and Muriel became lovers and Ann learned many new things from this experience. She realized that when you meet a woman, you see the parts of her body that she's going to use to make love to you. You see her mouth and teeth and tongue and fingers. You see her fingers comb her hair, play the piano, wash the dishes, write a letter. You watch her mouth eat and whistle and quiver and scream and kiss. When she makes love to you she brings all this movement and activity with her into your body.

Ann liked this. With her penis, however, it was't the same. She had to keep it private. What was most frustrating of all was that it served no other purpose besides peeing. This made Ann feel heavy and dumb. She no longer bounced down the sidewalk, she lumbered. Her eyes were getting worse and worse. When she walked down the street, she saw fewer and fewer women. It was a selective blindness.

She also didn't like fucking Muriel very much. She missed the old way. Putting her penis in a woman's body was so confusing. Ann knew it wasn't making love "to" Muriel and it certainly wasn't Muriel making love "to" her. It had none of that attention you get when a woman loves you with her mouth and fingers. It was more like making love "from" Muriel and that just didn't sit right.

One day Ann told Muriel about Jesse.

"I give her everything within my capacity to give, and she gives me everything within her capacity to give--only my capacity is larger than hers."

"You're her stone butch," Muriel said. "You give her love and never get it."

So Ann was Jesse's stone butch. At least it had a name. She went to the Museum of Modern Art and saw sculpture by Louise Bourgeois. She spent most of the afternoon in front of a large piece, an angry ocean of black metal penises which rose and crashed, carrying a little box house. The piece was called "Womanhouse". She looked at the penises, their little round heads, their black metal trunks, how they moved together to make waves, and she understood something about what it meant to be a stone butch.

Ann decided she needed to see Jesse and talk to her about this...

******

They got together the next day in a bar. As soon as she walked in Ann felt nauseous, she couldn't eat a thing. The smell of grease from Jesse's chicken dinner came in waves to Ann's side of the table. She kept her nose in the beer to cut the stench.

"You're dividing me against myself, Jesse. I've spent a lifetime trying to integrate my sexuality and my feelings, but loving you means I have to seperate them again. If only you had the courage to stand up for your desire, Jesse, you wouldn't turn your back on so much love."

Jesse offered her some chicken.

"No thanks, I really don't want any. Look, I can't spend my time making out with you on a couch because you're only willing to go as far as the line where we turn this into a "lesbian" relationship. No matter how much I am to you, you've decided I'm not worth loving because I'm a woman. It makes me feel like nothing.

Ann didn't mention that she had a penis.

"Annie, I can't say I don't love being physical with you because it wouldn't be true."

"I know."

"I feel something ferocious when I smell you. I love being near you. I love kissing you. That's why it's got to stop. I didn't realize when I started this that I was going to want it so much."

"Why is that a problem?"

"Why is that a problem? Why is that a problem?" Jesse was picking the skin off the bone with her fingers. Slivers of meat stuck out of her long fingernails. She didn't know the answer.

"Jesse, what would happen if someone offered you a woman with a penis?"

Jesse wasn't surprised by this question because Ann often raised issues from new and interesting perspectives.

"It wouldn't surprise me."

"Why not?"

"Well, Annie, I've never told you this before, actually it's. just a scret between me and my therapist, but I feel as though I do have a penis. It's a theoretical penis, in my head. I've got a penis, and it's all mine.

"You're right, " Ann said, "You do have a penis in your head, because you have been totally mind-fucked. You've got an eight-inch cock between your ears."

With that she left the restaurant and left Jesse the bill.

******

Soon Ann decided she wanted her clitoris back and she started to consult with doctors who did transexual surgery. Since Ann had seen, tasted, and touched many clitorises in her short but full life, she knew that each one had its own unique way, and wanted her very own cunt back just the way it had always been. So, she called together every woman who had ever made love to her. There was her French professor from college, her brother's

(continued on page 43)

STORMY LEATHER

The Popular
BUCKLING HARNESS

Fits hips sizes 30-42" $32.50
43"+ send hip measurement and add $5.00
Circle ring size: 11/2", 1 3/4", 2" diameter
Calif residents add sales tax $1.92
Total enclosed $________

Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State____ Zip______

MAIL TO: Kathy Andrew, 60 Landers St #4, San Francisco, CA 94114

Custom and Wholesale Call for appointment 415 626-6783

Raelyn Gallina
Jewelry and Leather
For Lesbians.
Custom and special orders

Anything pierced exquisitely.

P.O. Box 20034 Oakland, CA 94620 655-2855

Open Year Round
Cable TV & Coffee
Hot Tub & Sun Deck
In the Center of Town

Gabriel Brooke, Innkeeper

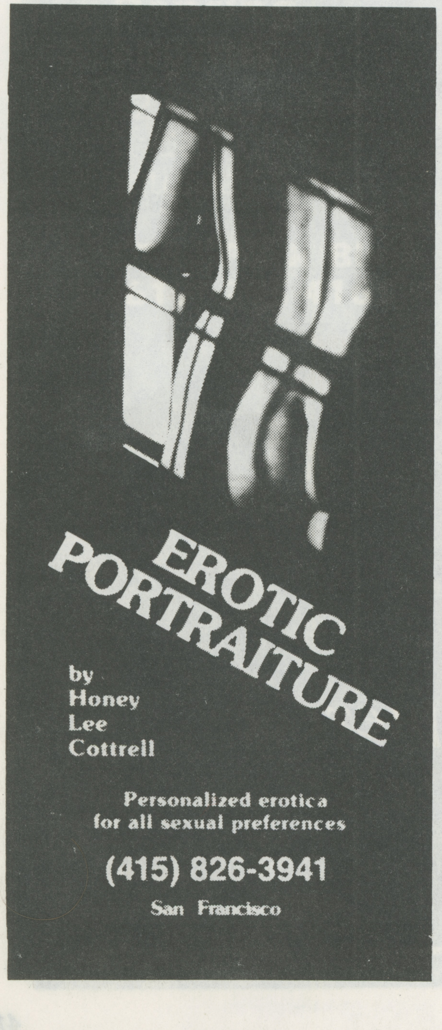
Gabriel's
apartments & guest rooms
for women & their friends

(617) 487-3232
104 Bradford Street
Provincetown, MA 02657

HOLISTIC WELLNESS COUNSELING

- Weight Control (with herbs)
- Body Balancing
- Diet Analysis
- Women's Herbal Formulas

Write to:
Gosnell B. Duncan
Holistic Health Practitioner
5414 Kings Highway, 1st Floor, Brooklyn, NY 11203



EROTIC PORTRAITURE
by
Honey
Lee
Cottrell

Personalized erotica
for all sexual preferences

(415) 826-3941
San Francisco

(AIDS *continued from page 32*)

women carrying the virus in each risk group," Cohen says. The AWARE study is examining women in sexual relationships with men who are in risk groups (gay, bisexual, IV drug users or hemophiliac); women with several anonymous male sex partners; and women working in the sex industry whose business involves exchanging bodily fluids.

AIDS is a disease clouded by speculation and questions. Experts agree, though, that women who run the greatest risk for developing AIDS are those who are IV drug users and share needles, who have sexual contact with men in risk groups, who have inseminated since 1980, or who had blood transfusions before 1984 when blood banks began screening for the virus. Women who fall in none of these groups are considered safe. Still many women are frightened and often it's a groundless fear.

They're called the worried well; people who have no basis to believe they've been exposed to AIDS but who are irrationally afraid. AWARE Project workers advise these women to look at their overall lifestyle, their general health and try to approach the idea of AIDS with reason.

At the other end of the spectrum are the women who are genuinely at risk for developing AIDS or its companion, AIDS-Related Complex (ARC). It's believed for every woman AIDS patient, there are nine more women suffering from ARC, which is actually a variety of serious diseases that do not actually fall into the AIDS category. Many ARC patients are later diagnosed with AIDS.

For women with AIDS antibodies, the AIDS Foundation and the AWARE Project have designed a set of safe-sex guidelines (see box). The safe sex guidelines are for women who don't know their sexual partners well or who believe they or their partners have been exposed to AIDS.

Other AIDS experts, like Dr. Nancy Shaw of the San Fransico AIDS Foundation, point to situations that could put lesbians at risk.

"We would like to believe lesbians are safe. We know we're at low risk and that has caused some women to view AIDS as a vacuum or a void that doesn't affect them. These women don't see themselves as someone who could potentially be affected by AIDS. But the fact is, while we all understand well the devastation of AIDS, we just don't know much about how we could get it," Shaw says.

In California, where a woman prison inmate died from AIDS which she had contracted from IV drug use, none of the women inmates with whom she had sexual contact while in prison showed antibodies to the AIDS virus. But, researchers caution, there is no evidence that women with the AIDS virus could not transmit it to other women by cunnilingus, rimming or inserting fingers or hands into the vagina or rectum, especially if there are cuts on the hands or in the mouth. And menstrual blood is currently considered, like all other blood, to be an excellent host for the virus.

Follow-up studies on sex partners of AIDS patients are rare. The Lesbian Insemination Project, the first study of its kind, will evaluate 400 Northern California lesbians who have inseminated since 1980. Any women who are antibody positive may also have their lovers and children tested so more can be learned about how the disease moves from woman to woman or to children.

Cheri Pies, coordinator of the study, which is jointly sponsored by AWARE and the University of California at Berkeley, expects the number of antibody positive women to be low. "There are no reported cases of women who are sexual partners of women who have inseminated and who are antibody positive, who have shown symptoms of AIDS," she says.

Pregnancy, though, is double-edged. Women with the AIDS virus can transmit the disease to their unborn children and pregnancy naturally suppresses the body's immune system, placing not only the mother but her child at risk. "The mother can carry the antibody and transmit the virus to her child before it is born. So the child runs the risk of being born antibody positive and of having a higher risk of developing AIDS in the first few years of life," Cohen explains. All babies are born with immature immune systems and, consequently, can develop AIDS faster than adults.

The AIDS virus lives and moves through bodily fluids -- blood, semen, tears, saliva, urine and, researchers assume, in vaginal, cervical and breast secretions, female ejaculate, and breast milk. But the AIDS virus is apparently as fragile as it is deadly. It doesn't live well outside the body, is not transmitted by sneezing or from routine, non-intimate contact with infected persons.

It is not yet known is how well the virus lives in female bodily fluids and it may be a long time before there are any concrete answers. The reason for the delay is, in a large part, economic.

In a country where radical mastectomies are routine, unnecessary hysterectomies are commonplace and premenstrual syndrome wasn't even in the medical textbooks until recently, funds to research women and AIDS have been tragically limited. Millions of dollars are committed to AIDS research in the United States, millions more have been spent on caring for persons with the disease. Yet, the federal government has consistently dragged its feet in providing what researchers and AIDS advocates feel is needed to find expedient answes, new treatment or a possible cure. Almost none of the money appropriated to AIDS research is targeted to programs for women. That, coupled with the relatively small number of women affected by AIDS, hampers the search for answers.

Lesbians continue to raise hard questions for which there are no immediate answers. Beyond the obvious links of sharing IV needles and sexual contact with men in risk categories, the answers are muddled. The reality is, no one seems to know how the lesbian community will ultimately be affected.

"We as lesbians want to know. We want to better understand if the virus exists in vaginal secretions, how it is transmitted, if it is transmitted. We want to look at women who are antibody positive and study their sexual partners to determine if this can be transmitted sexually. We want to better understand if our sexual practises as lesbians are safe or unsafe," Pies said.

Controversy surrounds the AIDS antibody test. There are valid fears of backlash against persons who are antibody positive. But there are some test sites that allow participants to remain anonymous. Shaw advocates that women who have reason to believe they have been exposed to the AIDS virus should take the test at a setting that allows participants to remain anonymous. Local health departments and AIDS support organizations can advise women where anonymous tests are being given in their area.

"I think a lesbian who has good reason to be concerned should know whether or not she has been exposed to AIDS. I think of it in terms of responsibility and transmission," she explains. "I would want to know if I carried the likelihood of infecting someone else with this disease so that I could take precautions."

AIDS is a new disease, one researchers know little about. While women are caught on the fringe of the epidemic, there are more answers now than there were even a few months ago. In the coming months, as the new studies on women and AIDS are completed, even more information will be available. Unfortunately, the answers do not come as hard or as fast as the questions.

From the worried well to women at risk who deny that they stand a chanmce of developing AIDS, there must be realistic and rational assessment of the issue.

"I feel we have to continue to educate each other in order to reduce the amount of anxiety and alarm this issue creates," Pies explains. "Only through calm assessment are we going to be able to have any power."

(Oral Fix *continued from page 37)*

it hotter for her. Now, we still don't do it very often, but it isn't such a big deal either. We turned one another on to other kinds of sex that keep me very happy."

Regardless of personal preference, oral sex is a normal, healthy and safe activity. For much of the lesbian population, it is an incredibly potent and erotic sexual experience as well.

(PENIS *continued from page 41)*

girlfriend, her cousin Clarisse, her best friend from high school, Judith, Claudette, Kate and Jane. They all came to a big party at Shelley's house where they got high and drank beer and ate lasagna, and when they all felt fine, Ann put a giant piece of white paper on the wall. By committee, they reconstructed Ann's cunt from memory. Some people had been more attentive than others, but they were all willing to make the effort. After a few hours and a couple of arguments as to the color tone and how many wrinkles on the left side, they finished the blueprints. "Pussy prints", the figure skater from Iowa City called them.

The following Monday Ann went in for surgery, reflecting on the time she had spent with her penis. When you're different, you really have to think about things. You have a lot of information about how the mainstream lives, but they don't know much about you. They also don't know that they don't know, which they don't. Ann wanted one thing, to be a whole woman again. She never wanted to be mutilated by being cut off from herself, and she knew that would be a hard thing to overcome, but Ann was willing to try.

Fallen Angel
Your One Stop Gay Store

We dressed Miami Vice...
We should be dressing you!

Lesbian Cards, Books
& Magazines
Toys
Custom Leather

3045 N Federal Highway, Fort Lauderdale
(306) 563-5230

1700 East 56th Street #703
Chicago, Illinois 60637
(312) 752-1371

CHARLENE BRUHL, M.A.
ACSW/CSW

Specialist:
Human Sexuality
Consultation & Training
Psychotherapy

THE CRYPT
FOR THE
PLEASURE ORIENTED

1310 E. UNION ST.
SEATTLE, WA. 98122
(206)325-3882

PRIVATE PLEASURES

Classy penthouse seduction

SHADOWS

Starring Terri & Caerage
For the lesbian s/m connisseur

fun with a sausage;

& L'Ingenue

Hilarious commentary on lesbian sexual politics

__VHS __BETA
__Private Pleasures @ $34.95
__Shadows @ $34.95
__Fun with a Sausage & L'Ingenue @ $34.95
Postage & handling $3.00
__Payment enclosed $________

Name________________
Address________________
____

I certify I am 18 years or older
Signature________________

Allow four weeks delivery

MAIL TO: Fatale Films, PO Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142

SASE for more information

SEE AD-BACK PAGE

***(Sunday** continued from page 21)*

"Christ, what is she doing!" She has tricked me by picking up in a sprint at the last moment, running just as fast as she can down the trail. "Fine then, bitch, we'll see how this turns out!"

I feel confident about my ability to catch her, and off I go with a chuckle. It is a windy course to follow and she is moving fast. I whisper to myself, "Hang in there."

I flashback on the moment when she first walked past me in the forest. A good-looking woman. I start running in earnest now. Just when I'm close enough to hear her panting, she bolts to the left down another trail.

As we both race around the next bend, I see a thick grassy bank dead-ahead of us. I push for that one last extra pull on my strength and speed, and JUMP. Contact. Down we both go with a thud. Over and over we roll on the dew-sticky grass. Her hair is in my face, and she smells of sweat. She smells like a beautiful woman. I want to bite her. As we come out of our last somersault, I push up to assure that I am on top, at an advantage.

"As I approach her from behind, I feel very hot and excited. I know now that I am going to fuck her here, today, in this park."

I struggle to keep her down, and believe me, her strength is impressive. But not enough to dissuade me. Her blonde hair, steel blue eyes, and shapely features are all revealed under my gaze. I suppress the urge to tell her right away what I want. I just keep a strong hold on her, while her eyes keep me in an equally forceful grip.

Her lips look so full and soft. I lean forward, deliberately, not frantically. I tease her lips with mine, then her ears and neck. I finally press my hips close against her and feel her resisting my passion. I am going under a spell. All I can hear is my own breath.

I relinquish my hold on her. She rolls up and presses against me in such a frenzy that I know I will have bruises tomorrow. I pull her off by her hair, and begin to unbutton her shirt. I unzip her pants and tell her to take them off. She does as I say, while I caress her breasts, and kiss her shoulders from behind.

Then I lay her naked on the matted grass and kiss her wildly all up and down her beautiful frame. Her moans cut into the air, until I can't wait anymore. I have to take her cunt into my mouth. My warm lips find her cunt and she cries out. Her legs immediately wrap around my neck, and her fingers grab my hair, hugging me tight as she pushes her cunt into my face.

I run my tongue in circles around her entire clit. I feel like I could scream, and yet I keep my mouth where it feels best to her. My hands tease her nipples, then I put my finger in her ass.

Her back arches up. I can feel the orgasm starting. She pulls my head down hard on her clit. Legs stiff, she gasps for me to put my fingers in her cunt. I oblige her, and she climaxes with all her force.

I slide my body up to cover her, face to face. A moment of shyness comes and goes. She doesn't stop staring at me, but she unbuttons my fly and reaches in. Sticks her hand hard into my cunt. Thumb on my clit, she kisses me with a fervor I have never felt before. I can smell my own cunt. Moving down, she teases me by parting my pubic hair and blowing a stream of her breath all over my clit.

I groan, and break the silence. "Fuck me. I can't take anymore teasing."

She dives into my cunt so deep that it's painful. But I am so hot that my legs flush red, and stiffen as I come in record time---her fingers still deep in my vagina.

She pulls herself up all around me. The steel eyes smile. "Hello," she says.

I give her a wink. "Hello there, indeed. Nice day, isn't it? I glance behind us, and smile myself. "Wanna go for a walk?"

"Mmmm... not today," she says. "Maybe next Sunday." She pulls her clothes on and gets up out of the grass nest.

I remember that I don't know her name. I look up to ask, but she's gone.

Maybe next Sunday.

(DUSTY *continued from page 19*)

could begin to kiss Elly, as if her mouth was merely meandering over her moist skin, as if she had not a particular purpose in mind.

But by the time she'd kissed all inside her thighs, Elly's breathing had changed. "Lover," she was saying, drawling deep from her throat.

Dusty breathed deeply, through her nose. The smell of sex was everywhere. It was intoxicating. She floated on it, in it, like the ducks in their pond. She wished she'd had the privacy in the service to explore like this, the self-assurance to try again with Doris. She was resting her head on Elly's thigh, breathing her in.

"Lover, lover..." Elly repeated, twisting toward her.

The high hot flush of her contentment fled. Give her a kitchen and she could perform culinary miracles. Give her a house, a diner, what have you, and she could fix almost anything. But give her a girl, and some sex -- what should she do next, she wondered.

But Elly's hands pulled her head closer. All that curly hair tickled Dusty's nose. She pushed her tongue through it, found the parting of the lips, but was stuck there, couldn't get further.

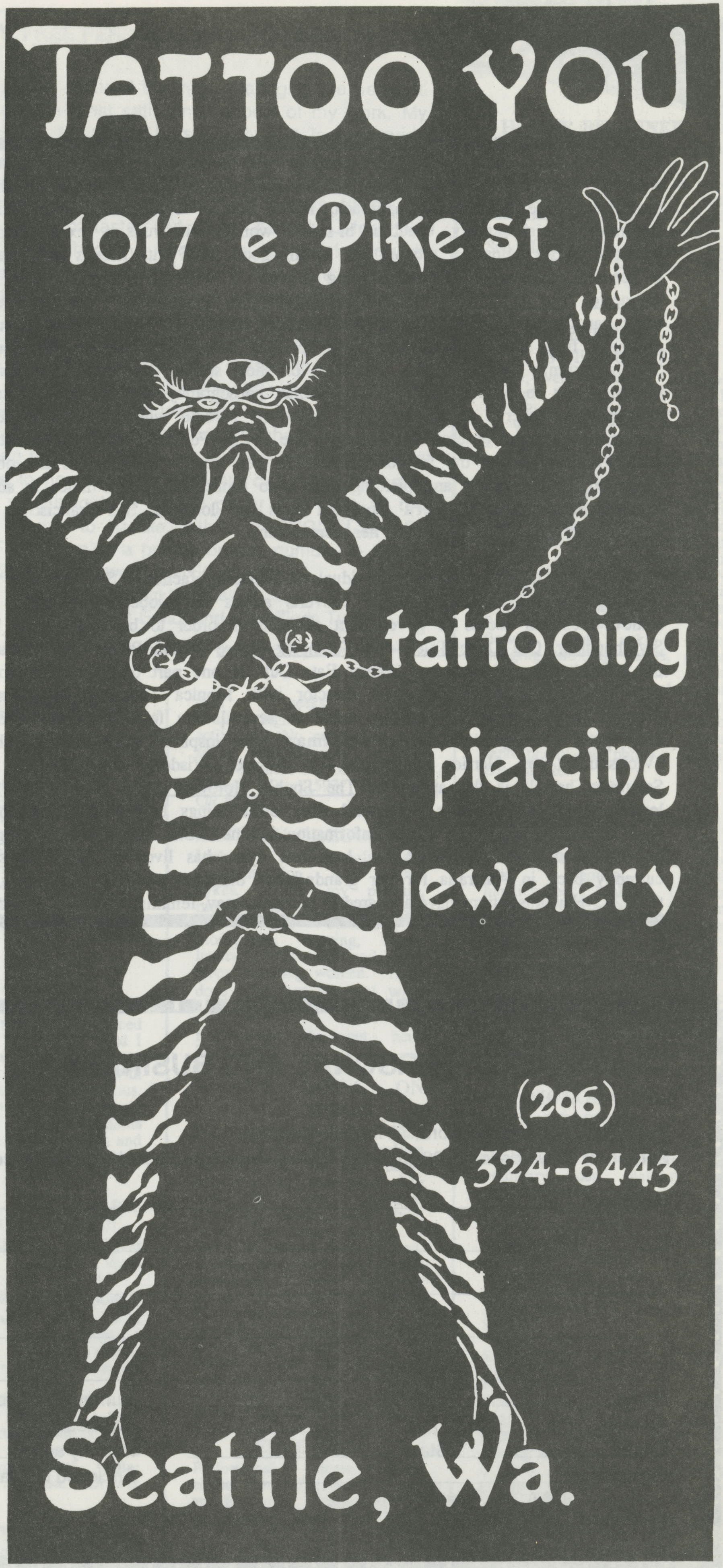
Elly reached down and opened herself to Dusty's tongue.

The boldness of the act sent another rush through Dusty. Her tongue all at once knew its way. Elly moved beneath her, already awash in a sea of her own making, her hands by now in Dusty's moist hair, twisting, curling, grasping, then failing limply to the bed as she groaned -- no, cried loudly in a way Dusty had never heard a woman cry out before.

Elly pulled her up, her eyes barely open, her mouth faintly, contentedly, smiling. "You sure you never did that before?"

Dusty wrapped her sturdy arms around Elly, pressed with a hand her lover's head against her broad shoulder. The hot night trapped their fragrant heat around them, so they lay content in the flow of it. Darkness had fallen completely and with it silence. A breeze pushed past the light curtains. Dusty let her eyes close.

Some time later, Elly switched the light off. One small bird cried out in the night. Dusty, half-dreaming, wondered if stars ever fell through bedroom windows. How the white flare would glow, turning dark to dawn, waking the birds to sing their love song once more.



TATTOO YOU
1017 e. Pike st.
tattooing
piercing
jewelery
(206)
324-6443
Seattle, Wa.

Contributors

Sally Barr is a Chicago theater set designer who is currently designing and raising a house almost from the ground up with her lover Challis. **Lotta Box** had her ears pierced four times before she could get the holes to stay open. She recommends the professional approach, rather than a bottle of whiskey and a sewing needle. **The Rev. Tiffany Brewster** is a fat, sassy, beautiful bi-sexual women who runs a sexual telephone service for a living. In her spare time she enjoys doing her artwork and having good times with friends and lovers. A graduate of a real seminary, she is a licensed minister in California. **Peg Byron** is a N.Y. freelancer who has written for the Village Voice, The Advocate, The N.Y. Post, and is the Washington Blade's N.Y. bureau chief.**J.A. Cherry's** photography and design work has graced the 1985 Spring and Summer editions of *OOB*. **Nisa Donnelly** is a renegade transplanted journalist originally from the MidWest, who gave up daily newspapers because they don't deal with the reality of women's lives. She is currently working on a collection of short stories that profile the lesbian lifestyle as she sees it. **The Flying Femmes** aim to produce high quality lesbian pornography with a touch of tension and sometimes danger. They also run Sparkes Gallery, an alternative art space in Toronto which emphasizes lesbian and gay culture. Postcards of their photographs can be ordered by writing: The Flying Femmes, 693A Queen St. W., Toronto, Ontario, M6J 1E6 Canada. **Lisa Francis** was in the freezer business for ten years. "Flame" was the obvious reaction. **Raelyn Gallina** is a San Francisco jewelry maker and piercing artist who figures she poked holes in about 100 "virgins" at least year's Michigan Womens Music Festival. **Vera Goeglein** lives and loves in San Francisco. **Vulva Lee** is an enigmatic sorceress of many talents who absolutely adores her pierced cunt.

K. Lux is a highly motivated individual of European faction. She presently operates through a network of visual and musical mediums questing to gain converts across the globe. Ultimately, her primary concerns deal with how to achieve technical access to government channels in order to be able to run her own life. **Lee Lynch**, author of The Swashbuckler, Old Dyke Tales, and Toothpick House (Naiad Press) also writes a monthly column in Just Out, Portland, OR.'s lesbian/gay newspaper. "Dusty Eats Out" is one part of a novel-in-progress, Dusty's Queen of Hearts Diner #2. **Elfi Mikesch** is co-producer and director with Monica Treut, of the German feature film, "Seduction: The Cruel Woman", which made its dazzling debut in several film festivals in the U.S. last year. **Iva Price** specializes in sex and sports photography. **Sarah Schulman** was inspired to write "A Short Story About a Penis" by reading "Vicissitudes" by Harriet Malinowitz (in Sinister Wisdom, #14), and by Wilhelm Reich's "People in Trouble". Schulman herself is the author of The Sophie Horowitz Story (Naiad Press) and regularly writes for other gay and lesbian periodicals. **Bonnie Stonewall** does other things besides talk sexy on the telephone. For the past 5 years, she's been a volunteer on a sex information hotline. She also leads a rap group for bisexual women. **Sue Trayling**, an Australian musician, Saggitarius, long-time dyke, has lived in San Francisco for almost 5 years. A mystic, she's currently back in Australia for her grandparents' diamond wedding anniversary. **Laurie White** is a regular contributor to *OOB*. Her illustrations have appeared in numerous gay, feminist, and local publications.

CLASSIFIEDS: PERSONAL AND BUSINESS

On Our Backs
POB 421916
San Francisco, CA 94142

Business: 40 cents per word, $2 for bold headline

Personal: 50 words for $5.00, includes drawer service and bold headline. 30 cents every word over 50 words.

Headline: ______________________________(4 words max.)

____

____

____

____

Name______________________
Address______________________
City__________ State______ Zip__________
Signature______________________
(I am over 18 years old)

Number of Words______
Business______ Personal______
Run my ad for______ issues.
Enclosed is total payment: $______

Deadlines: the 15th of Feb., May, Aug., Nov., preceding the issue.

Classifieds

PUBLICATIONS

FEMALE-TO-MALE BOOK

Information for the female-to-male crossdresser and transexual. 2nd Editon, over 45 pages, Illustrated. Send $6 to: Lou, 1827 Haight #164, San Francisco, CA. 94117-B.

THE CUNT COLORING BOOK

Lives on as "LabiaFlowers" from Naiad Press. Available in women's bookstores.

FREE

"Sunshine Catalog" of lesbian/feminist t-shirts, clothing, jewelry, posters, notecards, etc. WMP/J&P, 374 Woodfield Rd., West Hempstead, NY 11552.

EVENTS

LESBIAN SEXUALITY WEEKEND WORKSHOP

At Willow, (Napa County, CA., 11/2 hours NE of San Francisco). Info, discussions, problem solving. Sliding scale: $160-210, includes food, private rooms, hot tubs, sauna, swimming pool, and tennis courts. Carpool arranged Bisexual women who wish to further explore their lesbian sides are welcome. Feb. 28-March 2, 1986. Call Scotti Cassidy, L.C.S.W. (415) 839-5354, or Dotty Calabrese (415) 968-1981.

SERVICES

THE STRIPTEASE SONGSTRESS

Enjoy the pleasure of body and voice combined in an erotic performance at your next party or special event. Women only. (415) 261-0148.

DALILA JASMIN, BELLYDANCER

Exquisite Belly Dance, especially for women. Will travel, esp. coastal areas in CA., OR., and WA. Available for benefits, workshops, parties, shows, intimate affairs. Messages: (415) 540-0671. Write: 1442A Walnut, Berkeley, CA 94709.

HOW COMPATIBLE ARE YOU?

What is it about her that turns you on/off? Define what you want and discover how to get it. Professional detailed astrological relationship exploration. Realize your emotional and sexual needs and potential together. Send days, months, years, places, and times (if possible) of births. $30 or SASE for more information to Luma, Box 645, Arcata, CA 95521.

WANTED: LESBIAN VIDEOS

Will buy or trade camera original homemade lesbian sex videos. (Masturbation/Cunnilingus/Anal) Box 571, Salem, OH 44460.

(ALMOST) FREE PERSONALS GO FOR BROKE!

Forget being the editor of this rag! Managing the personal ads is by far the most satisfying aspect of my work. My little valentine heart just bursts with true lesbian pride every time I receive another unforgettable personal classified. It's a true challenge to figure out which ads will be the most popular, because there seems to be an authentic variety of tastes out there. Actually, I feel that we've only scratched the surface in terms of personal representation and sexuality. I know there are **plenty** of women out there who think that just because they aren't an *"Earthmother with a Whip"*(Drawer #139), or a *"4-star Femme"* (#111), that they don't have anything of interest to say. **Hogwash!** The reason that those ads sound so intriguing is because they are truely **personal** and specific to the lesbians who placed them. If you can get down and say in 50 words or less what turns you on, there's going to be a woman out there who's been waiting **all her life** to hear you say it! Hey, call me a romantic, but you're not sittng here getting paper cuts from all the envelopes I have to handle, either. **PERSONALS: 50 WORDS FOR $5**, plus a private drawer number to collect your mail. 25 cents per word over 50 words.

I triple dare you to try this out,

Susie Sexpert, Editor and Classifieds Typist

PERSONALS

ATTN: MILITARY WOMEN

Seeking friendship with any military woman who wants a friend. If you're far away, let's be pen pals; if you're in Calif., let's write and meet. I'm 26, white, a civilian, but have a special place in my heart for you. I'm discreet, honest and sincere. I promise no games. Drawer 118.

VIRGINIA FEMME

I am a petite coed, 5'3", and 19. My roomate introduced me to this new world. And I can't get enough! I want to correspond, share and be with a woman who is adventurous, sensuous, and imaginative. I can travel during vacations and summer. Sexy photo and fantasy get mine fast. Drawer 119.

TALL, DARK, HANDSOME PRINCE

seeks beautiful, intelligent princess. Let's share meaningful interpersonal communication; excite our lives with intellectual physical stimulation. I can almost feel your soft breasts quivering against the muscular hardness of my chest! Say "Yes!" and submit to my tender advances. I'll take you in my powerful arms and thrill your heart! Write: Butch, N.Y.C. area. Drawer 120.

OREGON/WASHINGTON

Prof. Lesbian couple into S/M seeks other couples/singles for social activities. No politics or sex; social support only. There must be more of you out there. Write: PO 11593, Portland, OR 97211.

EASTERN OREGON

Lesbian, 29, lonely for communication with other dykes. Into my pick-up, motorcycles, hot springs, sex, art, drugs, alcohol in moderation, dancing, cards, letters, phone calls and visits from travelling women. Have done S/M, but it's not what I want to base my relationships on out here. Drawer 122.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I'm a well-adjusted dyke who's always been correctly lesbian feminist, just on the butchy side of perfect androgeny. My love life was orthodox, fifty/fifty, amazon army style. Now I find myself playing all kinds of femme trips in bed. Getting penetrated was always something I could take or leave. Now it's the climax. I've started dressing for sex in beautiful lacy things I wouldn't have been caught dead in before. The sex is deep, emotional, and HOT! Somebody please explain what's going on. Drawer 123.

EDUCATED

Professional femme seeks single femmes/couples for fun and hot times. Enjoy oral and sensual massage. Want femmes and friends nationwide. Drawer 124.

HORNY BEGINNER

Petite, attractive, mid-20's female wants to learn bi ways for sensuous loving. I'm into sexy lingerie, heels, toys, oral and anal sex. I am uninhibited and enjoy all forms of pleasure. Send letter and sexy photo to: PO Box 122, St Johns, MI 48879-0122.

FEMININE IS BEAUTIFUL

Pretty, very feminine, intelligent college senior, 21, 5'4", 110 lbs., likes wearing dresses. Stuck in Virginia with toys, fantasies, dreams of lover-to-be. Have experience, but not lots, and lust for much more. Loyal, honest, gentle, passionate, noisy, wiggly, definitely a bottom. Want correspondence and phone talks both straight and sexy; and eventual meeting with smart, pretty, kind, tender, aggressive women who desires an eager girl to befriend, teach, romance and fuck into insensibility. Love flowers and ankle chains, hugging, holding hands, endless kissing. Ultimate goal: a full and very romantic relationship with a good and fine woman. Relocating in June, destination flexible. Suggestions? Please send photo and phone. Debbie, Drawer 126.

FLESHY AND FEMME

GWF, 41, 5'3", very heavy, pretty face, green eyes, brown hair, femme, slightly handicapped, looking for soft butch for friendship, fun, and possible more in Phila. area. Drawer 127.

FAT FEMME BOTTOM

Stuck in Tulsa, seeks local S/M networking. Please, please, write to Susan M, PO 580481, Tulsa, OK 74158. Thank you!

NONMONOGAMOUS LESBIANS!

You may be searching for an alternative to romantic ego boundary loss, jealousy, and possessiveness. Join me and build a polyfidelitous household of best friends who want to live communally. Intellectual idealists valuing excellent communication and desiring adventure on life-style frontier. Write: Utopia, PO 1174, S.F. CA 94101.

SEEKING ATTRACTIVE BI

Good-looking, healthy couple, M&F, late 20's, seeking attractive bi-female 20-30 for sharing adventure and fun, travel, beaches, massage. Successful, adventurous, fun-loving. Let your trilogy-fantasy become reality. Photo for same. Richmond, VA/DC area, can travel East Coast. Drawer 130.

FUCK BUDDY IN BOSTON
I am a young lesbian tired of pretending love when I want sex. You are independent, 20-40, and ready to experiment with S/M, group sex, phone sex, F/F, anal sex, toys and any of your ideas! All experiences negotiable. Drawer 131.

WASH DC-BALTO. AREA
I need to meet S/M dykes---for sex or just to talk. It's time to go from fantasies to real women. I'll do almost anything with a woman who will teach me about S/M. I'm 26, attractive, intelligent and feminist. Drawer 132.

FILMS/PHOTO EXCHANGE
Extremely feminine top/bottom redhead, 5'4", 105 lbs, great body, wants 8mm film, reg. and super, home made. Also photo exchange. Possibly meet. For personal use only. Hot correspondence and phone sex. Drawer 133.

SEDUCE ME
Adventurous, ready to learn. Slim, lovely, tall. Willing, able, anxious to relocate. Want to experience you in every way. Educated, self-supporting, flexible in my desires. Can suppress my feelings no longer. Enjoy erotic, exotic, visual. Letter and photo will bring mine. No request too extreme. Drawer 134.

GAY GUY AD
I'm looking for a gay girl for marriage of mutual convenience. You are early 20's, caucasion, under 5' 5", feminine. Los Angeles area. Drawer 135.

PENETRATING PERSONALITY
NYC area. Intellectual, artistic, witty, sensual, beautiful femme looking for same who wants to share NYC's stimulation, culture, exquisite dining, conversation, other sundries. Photo/phone/letter, please. Drawer 136.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

Write your reply to the woman you're interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with your return address in the top left-hand corner, and her Drawer number in the bottom left-hand corner. Then apply a first-class stamp on the right, in the usual place. (If you don't stamp it, we won't send it). Now fold this envelope and put it in another envelope, which you will address to *On Our Backs* - Personals, POB 421916, San Francisco, Ca. 94142. When we receive your reply, we will take out the inside envelope and address it to the woman's real name and address. Then we will post it in the mail the next day. By following each of these steps to the detail, you will ensure your privacy, and get the speediest delivery.

WINTER FUEL SAVER
Order your very own heat-generating unit before the harsh New England winter. A compact, seasoned GWF model, only 5' high and weighing 110 lbs. It is completely mobile, self-supporting, and proven to be dependable and obedient. Only strong, older GWFs who are sober and understand that this model is domestic and somewhat funny need apply. Intensity and frequency of use depends upon mutual needs. Classical music, urban settings, and household flora and fauna soothe this exquisite number, but old-fashioned discipline succeeds when all else fails. Drawer 137.

HAVE DILDO, WILL TRAVEL
Also have dildo harness! Inventive, creative, playful, sexual, sensuous mid-40's, zoftig, muscular, feminist butch woman seeks outdoor flings, indoor loverettes, and someday a committed, passsionate, "becoming" relationship with Ms. Right. Write soon and let's fuck our brains out! I live in Northern Calif. Drawer 138.

EARTHMOTHER WITH A WHIP
Seeks a sensual woman who needs to experience a mix of pain and pleasure for fun. However, if there is a true slave out there I might find a collar for her. Return letter should describe your prior experience as well as who you are. Chicago area. Drawer 139.

SEX, SHE WROTE
Single, sensuous, androgenous lesbian, 40+, seeks friends/lovers to explore the attractions of the S.F. Bay Area and each other. An educated semi-professional, my vices include smoking and a wicked sense of humour. And you? Drawer 140.

WANTED: SEX SLAVE
Sex/Body slave required by femme mistress. Exclusively lesbian only need apply, relocation at your expense if possible. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to learn the gentle, demanding art of serving a Lady. Your sincerity, photo, and SASE are expected and appreciated. Write today. Drawer 141.

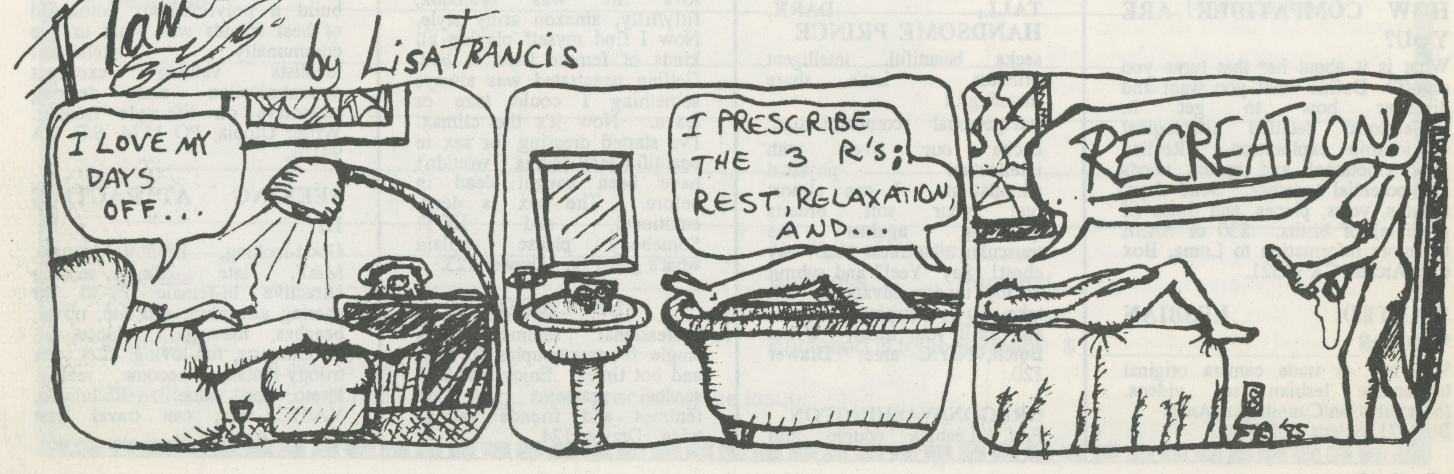
FIST-STARVED CUNT
Craves experienced, more butch than androgenous, top with varied toy skills to fuck, spank and whip me, long and hard. Please! I'm yours for the taking if you are caring, supportive and willing to ease me thru unknown limits. Voluptuous, vivacious, red-furred cunt anxiously awaits your intimately detailed letter (or cassette) of self-description and explicit intentions. San Francisco or LA area. Drawer 142.

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR
I am an extremely feminine, very attractive body builder who shares a fantasy with my lover. She wants to watch me be tied down and held captive against my will while one or more feminine women dominate me. Mild S/M, B/D, consensual rape fantasy. Maryland, DC, PA, NY and surrounding areas. Drawer 68.

CHICAGO LESBIAN
Handsomely beautiful, 30, green eyes, athletic build, native Chicagoan, financially secure, is available for escorting any visiting or relocating bisexuals or lesbians around beautiful Chicago. Can be strictly fun, business or pleasure. Possibilities are endless. No fees--enjoy meeting women and sharing "gay Chicago". Please send dates of visit, and description, desires, etc. Photo if possible. Phone conference to follow up. Drawer 57.

AFFECTIONATE SADIST
Seeks massage slave. Other duties required. Must accept pain chained in lacy lingerie. No smokers. Box 497, Times Square Sta., NY, NY 10108.

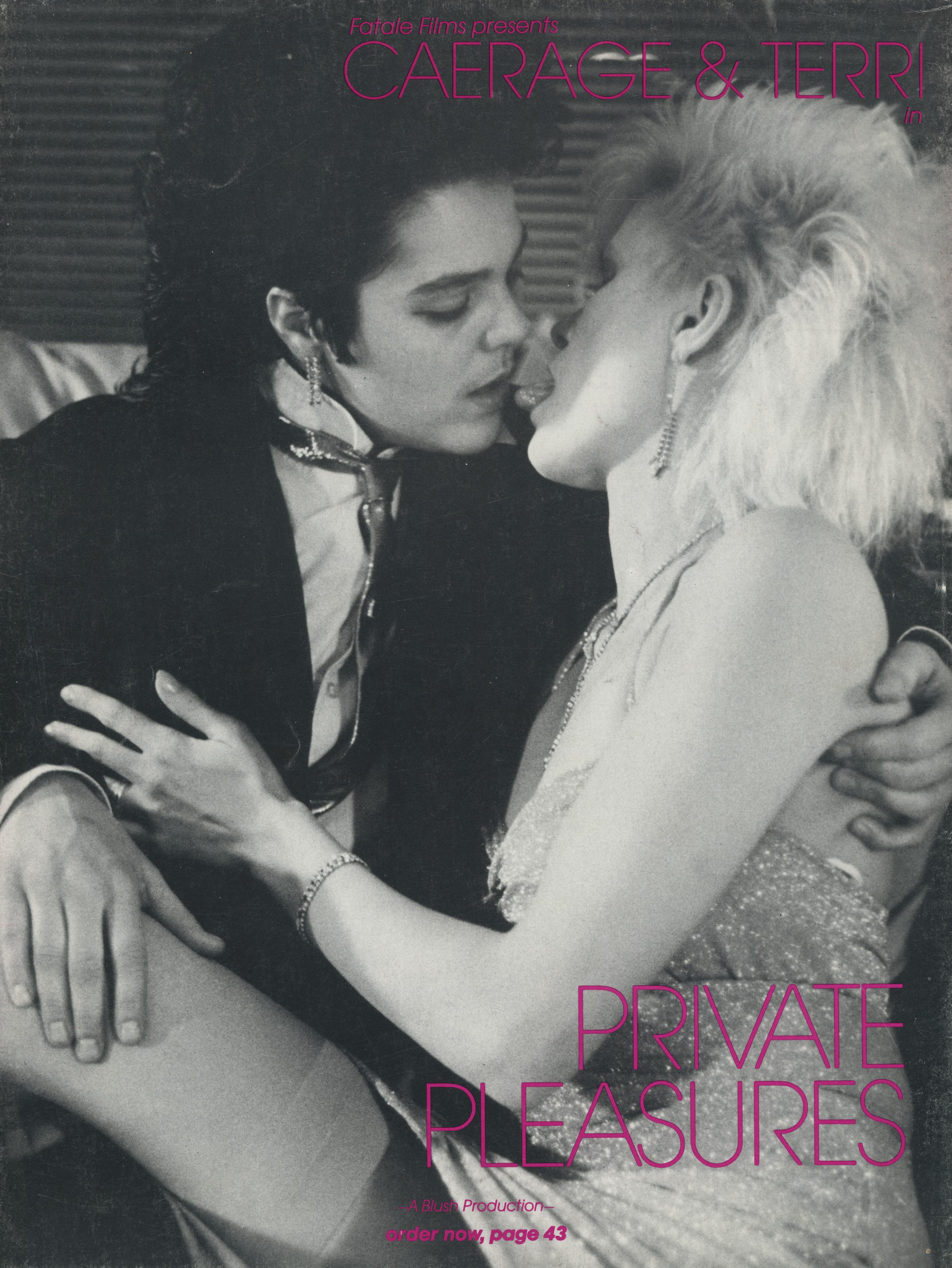
WILD SEX IN DC
Creative, sexy, butchy femme into motorcycles, leather, and power play; up for advertisement and excitement with butch top. Drawer 143.


Haw
by Lisa Francis
I LOVE MY DAYS OFF...
I PRESCRIBE THE 3 R's: REST, RELAXATION AND...
RECREATION!

Warm
Safe
Touchable

SCORPIO PRODUCTS CO.
5414 Kings Highway, 1st Floor, Brooklyn, NY 11203
Wholesale inquiries welcome

Available at:
Come Again, 246 East 51st St., NY, NY 10022 (212) 308-9394 / **Eve's Garden**, 119 West 57th St., Suite 1406, NY, NY 10019 (212) 757-8651 / **South End Gym**, 1355-A Washington St. #108, Boston, MA 02118 (617) 451-3514 / **Lifestyle Books**, 202 South Howard Ave., Tampa, FL 33606 (813) 251-0719 / **Love Season,** 4110 198 St., Lynwood, WA 98036 (206) 775-4502 / **Fantasy Unlimited**, 102 Pike St., Seattle, WA 98101 (206) 682-0187 / **Good Vibrations,** 3416 22nd St., San Francisco, CA 94110 (415) 550-7399


Fatale Films presents
CAERAGE & TERRI
in
PRIVATE PLEASURES
–A Blush Production–
order now, page 43